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TWENTY YEARS AGO;
A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of Nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

CHAPTER I.

TREATS OF BUNTINGVILLE.

THERE is, or was, in the year 185-, a little village on a prairie west of the Father of Waters. We speak guardedly as to its actual existence to-day: for a Western town is subject to the law of mortality; and there are prairie Troys overgrown with prairie grass and dog-fennel, though no poet has sung the story of their fall. We say actual existence; for our town is down on the latest and best maps: but so, too, are three rival towns situated within a radius of three miles around it,—towns that long since died of inanition. Historian they had not, or poet, to invest their transit into forgetfulness with the charms of romance, the loves of Helens, or the valor of heroes. But they perished at the hands of valiant land and lot speculators, on the general commercial principles which blotted Carthage and Troy from the maps of Greece and Rome.

The village whereof we speak was a young and promising fact in 185-. It was young—just born you might say—and was sprawled out carelessly over

an eminence rising from the general level of the prairie. This elevation was of so peculiar a character, especially viewed from the south, that the passing traveller could think of nothing whereunto to liken it but a hog's back; and by this title the spot was known before its baptism with the name which stands at the head of this chapter. At what would be known in common speech as the "rump" of this back, there was a dirty stream, bordered on the other side by a dirty marsh. The traveller who entered the town on that side—and all who saw it for the first time came that way—crossed this brook by a corduroy bridge, and mounted the steep ascent into the town. If the traveller were at all fanciful, as he approached the bridge he would have before him the figure of a lusty porker rising out of the brook where he had been bathing, elevated upon his fore-paws, the other pair being concealed under his body. And a very imaginative traveller might almost expect the animal to lift himself from his half-recumbent posture and toss the traveller and his "accidents" back into the stream.

Having mounted the steep ascent — so steep that empty carriages could scarcely be dragged up it — on a narrow and rough road lying between two deep ditches dug in the soft soil by the summer rains, our traveller would enter a narrow street running along the crest of the hill and lined on either side with a row of houses. His first impression here would be that the street found it very difficult to avoid falling off the crest, and that it sustained a perpetual war for its very existence with the houses on either side. You saw fresh battle-grounds at nearly every building. Here was a log cabin holding its ground against the invader, a fortress unsubdued and impregnable. Here again was a pine or linn * shanty which meekly retreated to the greatest possible distance, and hung trembling on the verge of the abrupt descent.

We have unconsciously adopted the language of the town itself in the word "houses." In point of exact literalness, these buildings were shanties and log cabins; but it would not have been quite safe to call them such in the presence of their inhabitants. For, as will more fully appear hereafter in the progress of this story, public opinion was powerful, and held that self-preservation is the first law of nature. To have called their tenements shanties and log cabins would have been suicidal in the people, and why should they allow others a liberty of speech which they did not use for themselves? Certain that our town is now either numbered among the dead, or sufficiently advanced in years to have put away childish things, we venture to tell the exact truth.

These shanties and log cabins were remarkably thick, huddled together upon the very brow of the hill, like a flock of frightened sheep that, having reached a precipice in a retreat from some invisible foe, had turned to face the intruder in the courage of necessity.

* This corruption of linden — name of a plant of the genus *Tilia* — is in common use in many parts of the West. See names of groves, towns, and counties on any complete map of Missouri, Iowa, and Kansas.

Not that they were very numerous; a generous estimate would give forty tenements in this part of the town. An advance of fifty rods brought you to a cross-road, or more strictly to a main road crossing the one you were pursuing. This crossing of two principal lines of highway gave you the theory of the town's location on this sharp point of an ugly hill. It was a grand junction of two United States roads which had been laid out some years before, and which in theory ran straight over the crest at right-angles to each other. But no sensible Western teamster drives over a hill when he can as well go around it; and dog-fennel reigned supreme over that part of each road which passed directly through the town.

Only two years before, the man who owned this precious spot of ground had discovered his goodly heritage in having the junction on his premises. The town was "laid out," and people who had a sublime faith in the future grading of the hill, and the immense advantages of a town situated at the imaginary junction of two important stage lines, had bought the lots and built the houses.

A man reasoning without the bias of a desire to sell the lots, or, having bought, to save himself by persuading others to buy too, would probably have calculated the possibility of grading down the hill to the condition of a road, without undermining the houses, and pitching them all pell-mell to the bottom. This sagacious reflection was prevented in our village by the brotherly practice which prevailed of relieving the newly-arrived settler of the trouble of doing any thinking for himself during the first week of his stay. In that time he had purchased, or, to use the phrase of the town itself, "invested," and he could think as he pleased after that. No danger that he should now blab unpleasant reflections. He "had his foot in it"; and it was a case in which the only method of self-extrication seemed to be the getting as many

other feet as possible into the same trap.

If many a man found the "old settlers" more brotherly, hospitable, communicative, and good-natured generally, the first week than afterwards, it should not be a reproach to the village. A man with a lot to sell is naturally more obliging than the same man after he has sold it, just as a man with a few yards of calico may be sweet as an angel behind his counter, and crusty as a bachelor of sixty when his stock is sold out. It is the old story of before and after election; and must be referred to the general principle that there is a good deal of human nature in folks.

However, the neglect of this thinking for themselves before perching on the crest of the hill, had already cost some of them dearly, and that, too, without the corresponding advantages. It came about on this wise:

It is the practice in all new counties, indeed in some pretty old ones, in the United States, to "work the roads" on the "bee" system. The farmers and mechanics were turned out in our village on this free and easy principle. There was annually elected by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens an officer whose business it was to supervise the road building and repairing. These persons seldom possessed as much knowledge of the science of engineering as a military graduate, and their efforts were not always marked by beneficent results. The "supervisor" in this case had rationally concluded that the steep ascent was the worst portion of the road, and he gave it his exclusive attention. For three days, from ten to two o'clock—for road-working is understood to be on the four-hours rule—he ploughed and scraped up and down it with commendable energy. He lowered the crest by at least two feet, and proudly calculated that ten years of such progress would make the hill passable even for the stage. The next day it rained, as it is in the habit of raining

on the prairies, like mad, and when the inhabitants looked out of their cabins after the storm they found a deep ditch yawning beneath them. The water, rushing down the soft surface of the new road, had carried several feet of it into the stream. The hole in the bank was deeper; but the track was gone, and the ascent not a whit less abrupt than before the first levelling.

The supervisor now found it necessary to fill up in the centre of the ditch, and to make a track having two little furrows on each side to carry off the water. The next rain gave him two ditches instead of one, and successive rains enlarged them until two or three of the houses were undermined in front, and were propped up with long poles reaching to the bottom of the ditches.

The hill-side now assumed importance. Two battles raged over it. The first was the battle of the supervisor with the elements. He was in constant conflict with the water which persisted in encroaching on the road-way between the ditches. In his efforts to win the victory here, he forgot himself so far as to crowd the ditches into the bank on each side: and in these praiseworthy exertions to save his road at all hazards, he provoked the second battle, which was a lawsuit. One of the proprietors sued him for undermining his lot. The case was only cheated out of fame by popular indignation, which, at the next election, stripped the supervisor of his honors, and put them on the back of a man who concluded to retain them by the most approved method in politics—a masterly inactivity.

This policy would have succeeded capitally, if the elements had also adopted it. Unfortunately it continued to rain; the ditches grew wider, the lots of the freeholders shorter, and the roadway became entirely impassable.

The politic supervisor found himself in litigation for doing nothing, as his predecessor had for doing something. He made haste to resign, and com-

promised the suit, which sat badly on his stomach and disturbed his sleep o' nights.

After that a miraculous state of things supervened. Nobody wanted to be supervisor. It was not a unanimous surrender of the honors of office — that self-abnegation most meritorious in a spread-eagle citizen, because it is rarest — but a wholesome fear of lawsuits. It was now clear that the water would have its own way in spite of supervisors, and that the unlucky citizen who wore that title was equally in jeopardy whether he labored or was idle.

For two years the office remained vacant, except for four or five days after the annual election. The most unpopular citizen had the honor thrust upon him at the town meetings, and regularly relieved himself by resigning and paying a prescribed fine.

The road remained a ditch, enlarging with every violent rain or spring thaw.

At the epoch of this story, a new citizen had accepted the office; and, by introducing some ideas in engineering quite novel in that region, and which involved a rather free use of stone and timber, he had rendered the roadway passable; but nobody travelled it unless on horseback or with an empty buggy.

At the highway junction to which the town owed its being, there was a hotel on one corner, a blacksmith's shop on another, and a "store" on each of the remaining two. The hotel had also a store in the front side, and over a very small door displayed in very large letters — WESTERN EMPORIUM.

Still ascending the hill, you passed a cooper's shop and two log cabins on one side of the street, faced by empty lots on the other side, and found yourself no longer cooped up in a street, but at liberty to range "at your own sweet will" wherever you would.

Looking around, you discovered that the back had broadened out of all resemblance to that domestic animal

whose image confronted you at the bridge; expanded indeed into a plateau gently ascending till it ended in a beautiful grove bounding it "on the sides of the North."

"Why did you not build your town up here?"

"Well, you see, Stranger, the roads cross down there, and the roads make the town. But you see, sir, the town is travelling that way now. We call that the new town up there."

And in fact the young town — so young that if it had been a baby the most discriminating of wet-nurses could not have discovered a resemblance to its father — was disporting itself over the beautiful plateau, in those agricultural freaks and architectural fancies which young prairie towns do most affect.

These juvenile feats were so diffused over the plateau and its sides, and such magnificent spaces intervened between the "residences of the citizens," that you thought of a figure then common in the West, and compared the patches of village to the patches of down on the chin of some stripling just blossoming for the razor.

Whoever took a practical view of this phenomenon would have reasoned that as land was plenty and cheap on this far frontier, there was small need to crowd its people, and that some large-hearted proprietor had generously ordained large homesteads and broad avenues. To one having some acquaintance with Western town proprietors, such a theory would have been impossible; but very verdant people travel West, and are "taken in" by worse mistakes than I have supposed above. Whoever had looked rather carefully at the vacant portions of the plateau, would have discovered small, dark objects rising here and there above the grass that covered the surface. These, on careful examination, were found to be stakes marking the metes and bounds of future freeholds. These guardians of *meum et tuum* were frightfully close together; one stumbled over

them incessantly. A minute inspection revealed that they bounded parallelograms of uniform size, which by exact measurement proved to be four rods wide and eight rods deep, beginning always from the centre of the street. This was the space allowed for a home on this vast prairie.

If it be true—as we partly believe—that the broad landscapes of the West expand the souls of its dwellers, it is very certain that its town proprietors do not illustrate it.

The reason for thus stinting the citizens in their supply of land, related wholly to the breeches' pocket of the proprietors. The expected settler would not be wealthy; would probably be poor. He could not be expected to pay an average of more than one hundred dollars per lot, and this he would pay irrespective of its size; for he must have a place to erect his home. The problem was to get the *maximum* of money for the *minimum* of land. If an acre was allotted to each settler, the acre yielded but one hundred dollars; if each man got but a fourth of the acre, each acre produced four hundred dollars. So much of arithmetic was possessed by the most illiterate proprietor, and hence his solution: Four rods by eight, streets and alleys included.

This fact being of universal application, no reader shall guess from this account what youthful city sat for our picture.

It is time the name of our village got place in this history. It gloried in the title of Buntingville. The appellation will not be ambiguous to any reader of elevated sentiments, but lest some of the other class might peruse these pages and fall into an error, and, in legislative phrase, "for other purposes," the author feels bound, as the town-proprietor often did, to explain the origin and meaning of Buntingville, and how it came to have a double import.

We are a patriotic people. The names of our towns proclaim it; our baptismal registers, college catalogues, and hotel journals confirm it; the tax-lists, poll-

books, and the ever-building monument to the Father of his Country, cumulate the evidence. Nearly every State and Territory has its cities, Washington, Jefferson, Mt. Vernon, and Jackson. We pass by the thousand, towns and counties that perpetuate the memory of less famous heroes. All honor to the public officer who called a county in Iowa BUNCOMBE.

Ten thousand citizens call themselves George Washington—Smith or Jones figuring as an appendage to the name, Christian and personal. In fact, when a president is born, or a general wins a battle or do n't win it, straightway all the innocent babies born into the world are condemned to stand as finger-boards of chronology, by taking the name of the reigning citizen or dominant military humbug. The ages of Smith's boys are computable from the presidential calendar; and the calendar can *vice versa* be constructed from the ages of Smith's boys.

The proprietor of Buntingville was no exception in his patriotism; rather he was a shining example of it. His family register counted four presidents, two generals, and two unsuccessful candidates for the presidency. This last fact originated in his overweening confidence in the success of his party, and his religious scruples about delaying the christening until after the election.

When fate thrust on him the onerous responsibility of christening a town which his interests and hopes agreed in representing as destined to a glorious future, he felt the importance of his position, and did his duty like a man. He must have a patriotic name, one in fact odorous with patriotism.

He canvassed the list of those usually employed, without satisfaction. A strange idea to be in the head of a town speculator was floundering about in his brain. He had a faint glimmer of light as to the cause of this cerebral disturbance, and insisted to the self-elected board of advisers, who were pressing the claims of the appellations

of the towns from which they had emigrated, that this child of the travail of his soul must not make its entry into society in old clothes; it should have a spick-and-span new dress.

A happy recollection came to him. He had heard 'Squire Windham, who had flourished in the town farther east, from which he had emigrated, toast the national ensign, on a fourth of July, as a glorious piece of bunting! and Buntingville was born of the remembrance. The appellation was given to the original plat of the town before its virgin soil had been darkened by a shanty. In some parts of our country it requires a four corners, two houses, and a blacksmith's shop to make a town; but on the prairies the "plat" is the essential point. Our proprietor had the plat in his pocket. On a fine May morning his own shanty "rose like an exhalation" on one of the parallelograms, and — *Buntingville was.*

When, afterwards, the inhabitants arrived and set up their cabins; when, later, houses began to dot the greenward among the stakes, the name was often a puzzle to some of the illiterate denizens. They had all crossed the little stream on the corduroy bridge, climbed up the hill, and travelled along the crest till it lost itself in the prairie at the north end. The notion of the well-known domestic animal whose flesh makes "bacon" had become the alpha of their notions of Buntingville. Now one domestic animal readily suggests another domestic animal, especially when the association is assisted by a word of doubtful import. It came about, therefore, that the people who had not sat under the oily eloquence of 'Squire Windham, and who had very imperfect notions about the proper materials for a national banner, and had probably never heard of bunting as a species of the class cloth often put by metonymy for flag, inferred vaguely that the name of the town was historical, and referred to the favorite pastime of some ancient ram who had, by persevering use of his head and horns,

bunted himself into fame. In spite of the protests of the proprietor, the people hugged the delusion — standing at the corduroy bridges it was irresistible — all the people, from the boy who drove home his cows, to the citizen who wore broadcloth and kept a store, had confused notions of a hog rising out of the mud at the south end, to be butted victoriously by a ram rushing down from the north end of the town.

It is perhaps a little remarkable that this shadowy traditional hostility found its counterpart at a later period in the attitude of the two ends of the town toward each other.

When Buntingville grew to have two hundred inhabitants, it acquired its "west end." That is to say, the north end of the town was gratuitously dubbed by the other end "aristocratic and fashionable." This partly arose from the fact that an enterprising schoolmaster from Connecticut had opened an "Academy for boys and girls" in the said north end. Perhaps the very idea of an academy, as being something quite beyond a school, and altogether out of the range of poor country people, had a tendency to create distrust. However, the tangible proof of North End aristocracy was furnished in the fact that the wife and daughter of the schoolmaster wore fashionable bonnets and silk dresses. Now, the original inhabitants of Buntingville, who were the proper and rightful leaders of politics and fashions, held and believed that sun-bonnets and calico dresses were the only modest and religious thing, and that fashionable hats, delaine and silk dresses indicated total depravity.

When flowers blossomed on the hats of the innovators, and later still, when crinoline came in, the patience and piety of the south end were severely tried.

In the last case a prayer-meeting was held to invoke intervention and the expulsion of that abominable style of dress which obstructed the aisles of the log church and insulted the piety of the old settlers. The powers above no:

coming to the rescue, and the youthful and sinful portion of Buntingville having adopted the impious fashions, open war was declared, and the "hooped" portion of the village was set off by itself as the fashionable aristocracy.

Thereafter the Buntingville Satan had his seat in the Academy, and was supposed to devote himself specially to the manufacture of "hoops." All this was to be sure a feminine war; but it was not on that account the less hotly waged, or the less fruitful of consequences. In time there were two churches in the village, both situated in the south end, and the North Enders, being unable to build a new church, were constrained to worship with the enemy. Hence, factions in the churches, and the split universal from the top to the bottom in Buntingville society into aristocracy and people. In matters of religion the contest was peculiarly lamentable. One party worshipped an anti-crinoline God, and the other a Deity sublimely indifferent to the subject.

An enthusiastic member of the former party, a zealous young man, was heard to pray quite fervently that the Lord would denude the women of the hoops without unnecessary delay. So bloody was the strife.

Even politics, which is said to make strange bedfellows, did not succeed in getting Northendians and Southendians into the same sleeping accommodations. The elections for constables and justices of the peace several times turned on the momentous question whether the wife of a candidate wore flowers in her bonnet, and had second plates at dinner, or conformed to the time-honored and unchangeable fashions of Buntingville. A noticeable feature of this strife was that the aggressive party prided themselves on being the old settlers. Their arrival in Buntingville was of an older date by from eighteen to thirty-six months than that of their neighbors at the North End; and this was deemed to give them a prescriptive right to rule Buntingville. We have had a style

of national politics resting on the same broad foundation, and cannot afford to sneer at these Western villagers. Be the principle right or wrong, the people lost nothing for lack of its vigorous assertion.

No occasion was suffered to pass—except the occasion of a new-comer's purchase of a lot—without a vindication of the rights of the old settlers against the meddlesome interference of these foreigners who had entered into the labors of the venerable town fathers.

CHAPTER II.

THE PEOPLE'S HOTEL.

This popular, and, as will hereafter appear, populous hotel, was located at the four corners, and constituted the commercial, hospitable, political, and social centre of Buntingville. The edifice was a frame building, covered without by linn clapboards which were unpainted and already rotting off, from two years exposure to sun and rain. Its shape was the ugliest possible variation of an irregular square. The height was two low stories, and its relation to the ground measurements was as is the height of an Ohio cheese to its periphery. Within, it was only partially plastered, and the not numerous windows did not glory in excess of light.

In the first story, the corner facing both streets was used for a "family store," as the inscription over one door indicated, and "Western Emporium," as the other declared. As the terms were apparently synonyms, it was popularly believed that emporium meant family store. Entering, you found the little room so cluttered and crowded with merchandise that you could with difficulty get a standing place. This state of things was not absolutely a necessity, but rather a manifestation of sagacity in the merchant. Country dealers are sometimes forced, by that gentle and seduc-

tive form of compulsion which woos them to "make money," to adopt little arts not known to more prosperous members of the commercial family. One of these consists in creating the impression that the dealer has an immense quantity of goods. In the case of the proprietor of the People's Hotel, having the goods was an impossibility for two good and sufficient reasons. In the first place, it would have been impossible to sell a large stock in Buntingville. In the second place, his credit was not large enough to cover the purchase. Still it was needful—and the necessity has some general relation to human nature—to create the impression that he kept an extensive assortment. This was not very difficult; for it is surprising how few articles dexterously bestowed may fill a Western country store. A natural aptitude for carelessness—a fortunate want of the bump of order—with a little art, did the business for our merchant landlord.

These goods were purchased "on time," who did a very extensive business with the prairies. They had originally been sold by a New York merchant to a Chicago house of doubtful solidity at a profit of one hundred per cent. with twelve months credit. Between Buntingville and Chicago, two other hundred per cent. profits had attached themselves to the goods, and all adhered with a tenacity which admits of no illustration, there being nothing so adhesive in the natural world. We can only suggest through allusions. A learned judge in endeavoring to illustrate the sticking qualities of a seaman's claim to his wages, says, "The sailor's wages are nailed to the last plank of the ship, and the last fragment of cargo."

In Buntingville, hundred per cent.'s were sewed into the threads of cotton cloth, and mixed into the substance of New Orleans sugar. Mrs. Smith put them on with her calico dress, and Mr. Smith stirred them into his coffee. The unpretending bale of goods which left

New York worth some tens of dollars, rose in importance as it moved westward, and it reached its final destination with a value of some hundreds securely pinned to its back.

This is an illustration of the rapid rise of property in the West which has been overlooked in most discourses on the subject. Such an irrefragable proof of the greatness of the country should no longer be passed over in silence.

Time was the great usurer in this instance, aided by credit, or rather by the absence of credit. The goods were sold in Buntingville also under the patronage of Time. The maturing of the accounts varied from six months to doomsday. In fact, all business in and about Buntingville was done on the "credit system." The approved method of settling claims and paying debts was that adopted by Micawber when he proudly passed his I. O. U. across the table to his young creditor. The Buntingville people improved on Micawber's plan by providing on the face of the note that it should draw ten per cent. interest per annum. The notes were paid at or after maturity by other notes which also drew ten per cent. interest. Nobody thought of paying debts in legal tender of the United States. Ten per cent. notes were the people's currency. We cannot pretend to say that the success of the scheme suggested greenbacks, but there are many points of resemblance.

The rest of the first floor of the People's Hotel was distributed between a parlor, a bar-room, a dining-room, and a kitchen. The parlor was a long, narrow, low room, uncarpeted, warmed by a square box-stove. In the bar-room, only cold water was served out to the thirsty. If, however, one were very thirsty, it was necessary to make a journey into the cellar, the people of Buntingville being temperance people with an extraordinary emphasis. The dining-room and kitchen watched over the production and consumption of very frugal meals, rendered wholesome by the tonic properties of prairie air.

The second story was devoted to sundry sleeping rooms provided with from two to six beds each. The rooms were otherwise scantily furnished, and were never redolent of that virtue which is next to godliness. Besides, truth forces me to the confession, these dormitories were always occupied. The innocent traveller who ventured on an effort to sleep in one of them found the ground pre-empted and stoutly defended against his attempt to "jump the claim." It was not altogether strange, then, that most travellers resting for the night departed betimes in the morning.

Mine host of the People's was a short, round, small-eyed, aldermanic personage. His little gray eyes were set in a broad expanse of fat face, light hair, and a non-committal nose. Like most other men who combine adipose tissue and hospitable functions, he was full of good humor, and a profound believer in the doctrines advanced by his guest. This last quality eminently fitted him for a politician, and he improved his talent with remarkable success.

At the epoch of our story he added to his titles of landlord and merchant, those of justice of the peace and representative to the legislature of his State. He was therefore a person of consequence in his town, and seldom forgot it or suffered his neighbors to relapse into obliviousness. We had almost forgotten his name — the Honorable Cornelius A. Fence. There are some titles in use in the West, the metes and bounds of whose proprieties are not very definitely settled. It is supposed that a man who has a wife and one *fac simile* is entitled to be called "Squire." But since the domestic felicities of a wayside acquaintance or a business correspondent may not be known to you, it is never safe to omit the title, and this necessity, or at least utility, of being on the safe side, has obliterated to a considerable degree the proper boundary of the application of the title. "Honorable" is generally

assumed with entering upon legislative or judicial functions. The "Honorable Judge" and the "Honorable Member" are sonorous and flattering, and they tend greatly to smooth the rugged asperities of conflicting interests in court, and conflicting opinions in the "halls of our country." Whether this title can be enjoyed by a "justice of the peace," or a member of a county board of supervisors, is a question of grave moment which was not definitely settled in Buntingville; and as our landlord had been the one, and was the other, his blushing honors crowded thickly upon him from all three of these offices. This affluence of honors proved the scarcity of men eminent for ability and self-sacrificing devotion to the public good in our prairie village. It is another evidence, too, that whether you be in honor or contempt "it never rains but it pours." Our landlord's case would be useful, too, for illustrating how for the approbation of a certain style of public opinion, negative virtues are a better endowment than positive: — it is of more importance not to offend, than successfully to serve.

Nearly every man has an outer integument of prejudices which it is dangerous to chafe. But sometimes in an Eastern country village, whole masses have the same moral *epidermis*. It is comparatively easy to shun contact with these common and almost universal prejudices. But a community made up by immigrations from nearly every State in the Union, each settler bringing the results of his peculiar education, is much more difficult to please and serve. If, then, in any community, a public man is likely to be unpopular in proportion to the amount of positive character he possesses, it is easy to see that in our prairie Buntingville any character whatever would sooner or later prove fatal to all aspirations after public position.

There was in our hotel a Madam Fence and a numerous crop of juvenile Fences. The latter, from incessant mobility, and similarity of age, per-

sonal appearance and dress, defied all attempt at numeration. Had you seen them profusely scattered through the house, barnyard, and street, you must have supposed that several families of emigrants were boarding with the landlord. They were everywhere, clambering over the boxes in the store, over the chairs in the parlor, over the beds up-stairs. They played on the platform before the door, on the woodpile in the back yard, on the hay-mow in the barn.

When you came to know that they were of "one blood"—Fences all—an involuntary thought that the far-seeing Squire had surmised that fences would be scarce on the timberless waste of prairie, and had amply provided for his personal needs; and chuckled over your wit.

Mrs. Fence was evidently a woman of great vigor; the number of her offspring, and the multitude of hospitable duties which she discharged, conclusively proved it. But from always having at least two babies—one *in transitu* and the other at the breast—and an indefinite number of "young ones" to provide for, she had no time for what ladies of infinite leisure call the toilet. In the morning she generally put on a loose calico robe, made to fit at all seasons, at least she always had it on when visible; but perhaps she never put it off at night. Certainly it was always the same, until that tendency to decay which is inherent in all human things, developed itself in so decided a form as to make a new dress necessary. She wasted no precious moments on her intensely auburn hair—in Buntingville it was called red, but auburn being the polite synonym, we conform to the proprieties. Her feet were generally clothed with virgin simplicity, on the principle that "when least adorned" they were supposed to be "adorned the most." As her husband dealt in stockings and shoes, and was not poor, this style of pedal ornamentation was either pure choice or the consequence of being

condemned to more labors than Hercules. A confirmation of this last supposition was afforded by the fact that on the Fourth of July, when Buntingville Hotel gave a grand dinner, Mrs. Fence concealed this portion of her charms in stockings and shoes.

A description of the People's Hotel would be incomplete without mention of "Dandy Jim," a negro who held the title of hostler, or, as he was usually called, "horseler"; but performed a great variety of labors. In fact, he was only excelled in industry by his mistress. In addition to the functions indicated by his title, he assisted Mrs. Fence in the capacity of a dry nurse, on occasion cooked in the kitchen, and always served at the table. As Buntingville had not yet reached the "barber-shop" period of advancement, Dandy Jim trimmed the locks and sometimes scraped the shaggy chins of the villagers.

In the winter, when customers were rare at the hotel, he cut and drew wood from the "timber" five miles away, and fed the swine and cattle of his master. His name had been given to him—I refer to the descriptive part of it—on the rule of contraries which prevails in slang speech all over the world. A more slouching, ill-favored, and shabby negro never was seen than Dandy Jim. He boasted that his blood was pure black—wine without water in it—and his features had all the exaggerations of the type. He was of medium height, stout, and slouched in his gait. Most children ran from his presence at the first interview, and delicate women could not, they averred, endure the sight of him. The world had gone hard with him, as with most of his race; and he had two years before left his "kind master" in Missouri with his back indelibly stamped with the tokens of patriarchal affection. Since his escape from that form of tenderness he had loved nobody and nobody had loved him. He slept in the barn of the hotel like the dogs of his new master, and ostensibly for the

same purpose—the safety of the horses. In a community of free citizens he was the only person whom it was safe to kick, and on him fell all this class of exercises, which are, by the way, as natural, to say the least, as the love of dancing. That he was sullen, silent, and apparently utterly stupid, was not, therefore, in the least remarkable.

The Squire had picked him up at the State capital, during a winter session of the Legislature, and he kept him on political principles. Dandy Jim in his house was a convenient political platform, from which he readily jumped, when it seemed desirable to do so, by alleging motives of humanity, and by asserting what was perfectly true, that for the same money it was impossible to get so good and faithful a white "hand."

Travelled Americans sometimes express regret that the *café* system does not prevail in the United States; but one of the functions of the *café* is filled very well among us by the village tavern or store. In these public resorts the newspapers are read, politics discussed, and scandal disseminated as effectually and profitably as in a French *café*.

The People's Hotel was the Buntingville bulletin-board. All news and all scandal could be heard there in the evening. The bar-room, from the absence of any exhilarating influences, was not a popular resort, and the store usurped its proper place. The citizens

dropped in one by one after making their suppers, spread themselves out on the boxes and counters, lit their pipes, and went at the business of the evening.

All local affairs were settled in these free assemblies. There were caucus, election, court, and vestry meeting. Elsewhere their decisions were ratified; but the formal meetings were exclusively formal, from having merely registry powers. In the virgin days of Buntingville, but one variation had occurred from the uniform rule of abiding by the decision of the popular meeting at the store, and this exception had founded the rule in adamant. This event related to the election of the village schoolmaster, the school trustees who were present at the formal meeting having attempted a revolution by disregarding the decisions of the assembly.

Such a storm grew out of it, the interpolated pedagogue was thrust down the hill with so many indignities, and the hotel became so much too hot for the offending members of the board, that they were fain to do works meet for repentance in order to reinstate themselves on the dry goods boxes in the evening meetings.

This particular session of the school board became the Hartford Convention of Buntingville politics, and its spectral ghost long frightened the silent majorities into acquiescence in the will of the noisy minorities.

D. H. Wheeler.

UP THE NILE WITH COOK'S TOURISTS.

WE thought to make the trip by "private boat" would take too long. We found that to charter a small steamer would be impracticable. Cook and his tourists came along from London, and wished "us Americans"—sixteen in number—to join them in hiring the large steamer "Behera," of His Obesity, the Viceroy. In an evil hour we yielded, and behold us "in for it" and afloat upon the Nile, a most uncongenial crowd—forty-seven strong—in a big, bloated, blustering steamer, all to be dined and wined, walked on shore and mounted on donkey-back, by wholesale; marshalled by an odious green-jacketed dragoman, an insignificant Polish interpreter, who murders nine different languages, and important Thomas Cook, "Tourist Manager," whenever an Arab village, a ruined temple or a tomb, old when Joseph was governor of Egypt, is to be "done."

Ah me! In those dear, departed "days of yore," concerning which the Country Parson discourses naughtily, I had fed my foolish fancies upon Eliot Warburton's story of *his* Nile voyage. I had leaned upon his Persian carpets, sipped the little cup of Mocha that his paragon "Mahommed" placed before me, and even indulged a fragrant whiff of his *chibouque* as the silent boat sailed on beside a landscape plumed with palm trees, where, beyond a belt of emerald, the desert's tremulous gold stretched endlessly away, beneath a sky that distilled poetry and with a breeze fanning my cheek, laden with lotus perfume and spices from Araby the blest.

Well, a sorry day it was in the which that same Warburton, with all the hash-eesh and "Howaji" fraternity, even down to "Miriam's" "Prime," sang their deceitful strains in my credulous ears. The Real is a triumphant old dragon, under whose scaly feet the airy and exceedingly unmuscular Ideal is trampled almost always, in my cheerful history.

Instead of Persian carpets, we have each a paralytic camp stool; instead of fragrant Mocha, huge cups of chicory "settlings;" vile two-penny cigars displace the "bubbling narghileh;" veritable "leeks and garlicks of Egypt" saturate the air, where aromatic Araby ought to have reigned supreme. The landscape would pass muster very well if we could get what Archimedes wanted that he might move the world, but the eligible "places" were pre-empted by "the original party" (*Cook's*) before we left the Pyramids behind, and it do n't pay to sit bolt upright on a precarious camp stool, and get into a chill upon the "hurricane deck," even for the sake of seeing sand and palm trees in unequal parts.

So we resign ourselves to fate, after the fashion of other Orientals, Semiramis and I, seek out No. 15—in our unalterable conviction the most execrable state-room that our wheezy steamer boasts; enter, one at a time, for the passage between our berths is but twelve inches wide; recline on our luxurious cotton mattresses, whose extreme breadth is not greater than the palms of one's hands, and solace ourselves by reading Bulwer!

Not many people enjoy the distinction of having crossed two oceans and three continents, that they might revel in the pages of "Eugene Aram" on the bosom of that stream among whose bulrushes Moses was hidden!

Finally, in the extremity of her disgust and climax of her woe, Semiramis dissolves in tears. At this, I grow *moqueuse* and quote her the first verse of a poem containing several hundred, all precisely alike, with whose repetition my mother used to amuse her children:

"When I was on the banks of the Nile
I was there all the while, all the while
That I was on the banks of the Nile."

We mutually agree that this effusion

could never have been written save by one who had actually "been there." It is thoroughly permeated by the spirit of the scene!

I never so envied *men* their blunt nerves, boundless capacity of sleep and of digestion, and freedom from *impedimenta*, as when contemplating these hearty Englishmen, encased in muscles deduced from rare roast beef, as they hop, skip, and jump, everywhere and anywhere—even poking their blunt noses into our state-room by the purest mistake, of course,—and grinning broadly as they draw out their endless "Beg youah pahdon."

Well, have I scolded enough? Have I fully relieved my mind? Have I honestly depicted the state of mind of a middle-aged American woman, not of vixenish temper, nor very hard to please, during the opening days of that voyage to which she had long and expectantly looked forward, upon the King of Rivers?

I hereby make affidavit that it has been my aim to "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

From all of which it would appear that to ascend the Nile by steamer—and particularly in a party of forty-three, the majority of them English and under the auspices of Manager Cook—is not in any sense romantic; does not feed the shy and airy fancy that some people take delight in coaxing down to terra firma, and cannot be conscientiously recommended to that docile individual "the intending tourist."

So let us dismiss the dream, as we have many another, dearer by far than this, and turning the clear, intellectual gaze that never falters nor deceives, upon this dubious Opportunity, let us get knowledge—the solid food—and variety—the spice of life, out of our long, laborious Nile trip.

February 2, the steamer drew up to the shore for the first time and we made our first "Excursion" to the wretched village of Beni Soof—seventy-six miles south of Cairo. The

"Cook Brigade" took the town, but the "Paine Quartette" (as Semiramis and I have named ourselves and the amiable pair with whom our lot is cast,) strolling at leisure in their rear, did not have time to penetrate beyond the outskirts.

What walkers these English are, and what rare pleasure they must find in pacing off, two by two, thirty of them, like a boarding-school procession, and staring vacantly upon such objects as "The Manager" elects!

I never conceived how low humanity might sink until I fell to studying the Egyptians. As they pass by us in the sandy paths that lead along the shore to their abominable villages, we are obliged to hold our noses, so redolent of filth is the atmosphere they carry with them. An English farmer of the party identifies it with that of his own pig-sty when badly taken care of.

To-day we saw a woman nursing her child, which was at least eighteen months old. Though it sat upon her shoulder, her frightful, upturned breast reached to its lips. It was one of the most disgusting sights I ever saw. But the poor mother, her sore eyes fringed with flies, and her tattered garment flying in the breeze, was humming a low song to her little one, and I comforted myself with the thought that life's sweetest, most enduring tie still binds the human heart, even in its lowest degradation.

A stout young fellow with a brutal face and a glittering display of ivory, drew from the bag upon his breast a handful of writhing snakes; held them toward us as we passed, and put the head of one between his teeth, where it wriggled and coiled, and when released bit his bronzed cheek with apparent fury, while he grinned complacently, and in horrid pantomime offered to bite the snake in two for five piastres.

Upon the shaven head of this itinerant exhibitor was one long lock of hair, for the convenience of the resurrection angel, when he comes to pull him from his grave in the last day!

Feb. 3. Another marshalling of forces, and we post off on foot to reconnoitre the town of Minyeh, while our steamer takes on coal.

The guide-books set this down as "the prettiest village on the Nile," but I would fain think otherwise. Clusters of palm trees and green fields are a pleasant combination, truly, but what have these to do with the village they embosom? which, in this instance, as doubtless in all along the river, is built of mud bricks, has narrow, sandy streets, reeking with offal, and no hint of a redeeming feature, save a sheik's tomb under a sycamore tree.

We dutifully visit the great sugar-mill and see the different operations of converting juicy cane-stalks into lumps of coarse white sugar. All the men employed are conscripts, forced into his service by the Pacha, and paid two or three cents a day at such intervals as he appoints, and as much more, in the produce of the mill.

They are wretched looking creatures, many of them nearly or quite naked, and almost all, as usual, having but one eye, or if two, both badly diseased. Poor things! I do not believe John Howard's pitiful heart could have survived the sight of them. I do not wonder that Archbishop Whately's daughter, smitten with the scenes that her Nile trip revealed, resolved to give her life-work as a testimony of her pity for this abject race.

These poor laborers are good-humored, very obliging, and to all appearance, uncomplaining. Our green-trousered dragoman Hassan, and "Dymcha Zebenitzcha," our nine-tongued Pole, strike them across the face—these bearded men, these women who are mothers—if, in their curiosity, they press too near us, and they draw back, as a dog would, beneath the blow. It is something very new and very grievous to see a human creature treated thus! I thought of Isaiah's prophecy, which I read the other evening, that the Egyptians should be a people "scattered and peeled." Assuredly I can

speak from observation concerning the fulfilment of the "peeling" part!

We walked through the bazaar—a long, sandy street, covered over the top, where the bearded and turbaned merchants sit upon rugs, companioned by the eternal solace of their pipes—their ample forms filling up the small shop's front so that one can hardly divine their branch of trade. They offered us, with pleasant tone and graceful gesture, their shabby wares of nuts, grain, fruit, and slippers, permitting our unchecked inspection of all they had; letting us handle their curious ink-horns, reed-pens, and mysterious Arabic ledgers. Large numbers followed us from street to street and were not clamorous or annoying, though they often asked for "backsheesh" in a mechanical way that seemed to me as much intended for salutation—being the single word that we were sure to understand—as to solicit alms.

We next made an excursion on donkeys to the celebrated tombs of Beni Hassan. We had no saddles, and our first experience of clinging to a donkey's unameliorated back was not particularly edifying. Indeed, I walked almost every step of the way out and back, making an aggregate of about six miles, of which achievement I incautiously boasted in the hearing of a buxom English lass, who reduced me to my normal place upon the scale of being by the remark, "What would you say to twenty miles before breakfast, among Swiss mountains, Miss?"

These tombs of Beni Hassan were old in Joseph's time, and that his goodly form has passed beneath their ponderous doorways hardly admits of doubt.

Somehow, antiquity piled up at this rate leaves me in the condition of the Queen of Sheba, who, when Solomon had exhibited his temple, "had no more spirit in her."

These multitudinous chambers are hewn in solid rock, after the thorough-going style of the Egyptians, and their "word-pictures" are a most interesting study of the manners and customs of "ye

olden time." They are rather dim, to be sure, more so than enthusiastic travellers are wont to own, and we are whisked through their mysterious panorama too rapidly to elicit any other meaning than such as he who runs may read. But having "studied them up" quite carefully beforehand, in such books as are made and provided for like emergencies, we deduce the refreshing conclusion that, in the days of the mummies, even as now, there was a tremendous amount of "human nature in folks."

Men went hunting and women staid at home and played on instruments of music (I am sorry to give such a blow to the Woman Question as this fact involves, but facts are stubborn things). Both sexes, however, were impartially bastinadoed in those days (which is a point upon the other side); brick-makers, glass-blowers, potters, goldsmiths, and barbers, here ply their time-honored avocations, and even prestidigitateurs attest the undying love of Eve's descendants for something new under the sun. Another confirmation of the "human nature" theory is, the object of all this decoration, which was the post-mortem gratification of no less a personage than some pre-pyramidal governor of a province hereabouts.

At his awakening, this worthy was to have beheld around him representations of life as he had left it, and memorials of his prowess, long departed; in short, a place fit for his royal eyes to open in after his strange *siesta* of uncounted centuries. But how ruthless has been the upsetting of these pleasant little arrangements, by Champollion, Belzoni, and the rest! The decorations just described have been almost smoked out by fires, kindled for the convenience of those who have sought shelter here during the last three thousand years; an Arab school was kept in the cool shadows of these tombs, and over pictures old as Abraham the Greek alphabet was scrawled, with a metal pencil, in the soft rock, by some learned pedagogue before the Goths poured down on Rome.

Then, to crown all, the potentate who was here buried, with his attendant mummies, has in these later times, been dragged forth with irreverent hands and stands, bolt upright, ghastly and grinning, in a prominent museum of Europe!

Siout was the next stronghold of the Egyptians that surrendered to our advancing horde of Johns and Jonathans. It is the largest town in Upper Egypt, and decidedly the most commercial. We spend a very pleasant morning in its markets and bazaars.

The apparition of forty pale faces, wearing hats with brims like a full moon, from which hung banners of Swiss muslin, all mounted upon donkeys and ambling along in serpentine procession, must have created a marked sensation in the minds of the Siout-ers. For, whatever we were not, one thing we certainly were — the largest "party" that ever "did" the Nile.

As we trotted quietly along, mounted upon donkeys the easiest I ever saw, gentle and trusty and broken in spirit, I quite felt the East as well as saw it, and this for the first time.

We passed along a huge embankment, raised for defence from Father Nile when his exuberance becomes excessive, climbed a steep, rocky path and paused before some tombs, cut in the hillside that overhangs the town.

These cave-like excavations, dating back to the mythologic era of Egyptian history, have a warm, human interest for us, because in almost all of them some Christian hermit of the early Church has lived and done good deeds, and died. Here, during fifty years, lived John of Lycopolis, so famed for divination that the Emperor of Rome sent to consult him as to the issue of an impending war.

What a strange, uncomprehended life was that, in an age when thoughtful men had grown distrustful of their fellows, and so weary of the sin and misery on every side, that the quiet of

a living tomb in a lone hillside had attractions for them of which we, in this kindly era, cannot conceive! St. Anthony, St. Paul of Egypt, and St. Mary—these names have a new and potent meaning for me now that from the entrance to these cool and silent caverns I have looked out, as they did, upon this changeless landscape, mild and tranquil, through which the Nile's sweet waters flow. It is well for us to think about them—those solemn brethren of a sadder world; to learn a little of their matchless resignation, to "calm our souls, O God, in Thee," even as their simpler souls were calmed.

Quite different was our mood, half an hour later, as we worked our way through the crowded market places of Siout, where cattle, not unlike those on Illinois prairies, and little donkeys like our own were being sold; where grain and fruit, nuts and vegetables, were spread out on pieces of cloth stretched on the ground, while their owners sat beside them smoking their long-stemmed yellow pipes and looking at us, like so many sphinxes, as we jostled past, having no small ado to avoid upsetting them or trampling on their wares. They clearly saw the danger, but as clearly took no pains whatever to avoid it, considering that if we capsize them or their belongings it was plainly "our affair." After much precarious ambling, we arrived at the Bazaars, quite similar to those of Cairo, as the Guide Book—sum of all veracity—had promised they should be.

Fancy a narrow, unpaved street in which the dust is ankle-deep and fine as flour. Fancy that a rude board roof is flung across the street, and that the sides of the dirty brown houses lining it are honey-combed with shops whose general resemblance to a New England "pantry" only renders their startling differences more palpable; for they are dirty, dark, and cob-webbed, and their diminutive proportions seem better suited to the play of children than the sober work of men. There are rows

of tiny shelves, from which the miscellaneous merchandise seems ready to fall; dry-goods boxes set on one side and lined with slippers and pipes, coffee-cups and jewelry, daggers and turbans, gaily-colored cloths and sanguinary "pictorial illustrations." On a broad shelf in front of this crazy-looking closet, squats the merchant, the incarnation of mild dignity, his scales beside him, his measuring-rod in hand, his curious writing apparatus at his belt, and around him pots, pans, and kettles, filled with every grain and fruit that Egypt yields:—this is a meagre inventory of one of the most "fashionable establishments" in Assiout.

Next door to this there is a barber's shop, where a man is being sheared of all but the lock set aside for the resurrection angel. He looks up and grins a broadside at you as you pass, and if you linger curiously, the barber's *aid-de-camp*—an unkempt lad in extremely abbreviated costume—will bring forth for your edification the entire and decidedly unique outfit of the establishment—its pretty mirror, set in ivory; its scythe-like razor, or the small brass basin cut out, like a bib-apron, to fit the chin, which the *razee* ruefully holds in position to receive the sudsy deluge and the hirsute crop resulting from the barber's necromancy.

Next, is a little box of a place, where the pipes for whose manufacture Siout is famed, with tiny cups and vases of the same material—a bright-red clay found on the river bank—are temptingly exposed for sale.

These wares particularly attracted us, and our half-hundred tourists on their donkeys blocked up the whole bazaar, as we bargained from our saddles for what we liked the best, freely naming our own "fixed price"—about one-half less than the lowest on their rapidly-sliding scale; but which never failed to be accepted, after the usual amount of wincing and of pitiful grimace on the crafty dealer's part.

It was really one of the most amus-

ing scenes I ever witnessed — the slashing about of Dragoman Hassan; the shouting of our donkey-drivers; the perfect *sang froid* of ourselves, wedged in as we were among hundreds of dark-faced natives, who stared broadly at us, held out their grimy hands for backsheesh, displaying a maimed limb or an extra case of ophthalmia to move our sympathies; offered their various wares persistently but not offensively, and pressed around us like a crowd of children, as they were. Now and then a camel would stride through the throng, and our watchful drivers would snatch the bridle and guide us beyond reach of their ponderous feet. On one of these emergencies my driver whisked my donkey's head into a cutler's shop without at all disturbing either the turban or the dignity of the white-haired proprietor. And the beauty of the scene was, that with all the pulling and pushing, the crowding and cross-pur-

poses, everybody was perfectly good-natured and seemed extremely to enjoy "the situation." Indeed, which displayed the most teeth, Europeans or Egyptians, I cannot tell but that the latter exhibition was of a brilliancy vastly superior, was most evident. If only they were cleaner and less naked; not so fly-blown, and of less purblind vision, these poor things, one could contemplate them with some enjoyment, after all! And even now, paradoxical as it may seem, they are a cheerful-looking people. They lie stretched out along the street, asleep in the sun, covered with rags and flies; or they play games or smoke or drink coffee — all this in the street, and generally squatting in the dustiest places like so many pigs. Nature at least is a cherishing mother to them all, and the noble old Nile a father of almost human tenderness.

Frances E. Willard.

WHEN DID THE HUMAN RACE BEGIN?—I.

IN Devonshire, overhanging the little harbor of Brixham where the Prince of Orange first stepped upon British soil, a limestone hill lifts its head a hundred feet above the level of the sea. From the very earliest historic times it has thus been standing alone in the midst of fertile valleys, and not a single vague tradition has floated down to us from forgotten centuries to tell of any essential change in the features of the landscape. But in 1858 the hand of some accident broke through the crust of one of its steep cliffs, near its summit, and laid bare what afterwards proved a suite of long narrow caverns. Their contents, before they were disturbed by unskilled fingers, were systematically explored by a committee of geologists appointed by the Royal Society, and every detail of their wonderful revelations carefully noted. After clearing away the loose *débris* that

choked the passages, they came first upon a firm flooring of stalagmite, then a deposit of reddish loam, and last a bed of clear gravel. Pebbles of hematite with worn surfaces were scattered through the gravel, with their long axes in every instance parallel with the sides of the caverns, and on a line with north and south outlets, discovered as the work progressed. The loam abounded in bones of mammoth, rhinoceri, cave-bears, hyenas, lions, reindeer, and other extinct mammalia, occupying positions similar to the oblong pebbles beneath them. Here and there in the same deposit, generally more deeply embedded than the bones, nearly a score of flint knives were found lying. One of these almost touched the hind leg of a cave-bear. The stalagmite above held the humerus of a bear and the entire antler of a reindeer, without a bone of the latter wanting or mis-

placed. Across the valleys hematite and limestone were found in quarry. The elements had decomposed the surfaces of the lime into the same kind of reddish loam that had been deposited in the hollows of the hill.

These subterranean passages, now ninety feet above the sea and over sixty above adjacent plains, the nature of whose contents has been placed by the precautions of science beyond the reach of controversy, we may safely affirm were once the bed of a powerful and turbid river, whose waters, checked in their flow by their tortuous windings among the clefts in the rock, were forced to throw down the plunder with which they had laden themselves in their marauding course through the country. The rounded condition of the north and south entrances, the worn sides of the pebbles, and the direction in which they and the bones were alike lying, together with the fact that stalagmite crusted the bone-earth of none but those galleries that were in a measure removed from the main channel, and not subject to inundation except in times of freshet, are, every one of them, unmistakable foot-prints of running water. That the animals and the men whose bones and whose flint knives were indiscriminately distributed through the caves must have been contemporaries, that these their remains were not the heterogeneous washings of sundry deposits of widely differing dates, the leg of the bear and the antler of the reindeer, it is claimed, furnish convincing proof.

During the last hundred years, five boats, one of them containing marine shells, have been dug out of the estuarine silt below the soil on which Glasgow stands, and within its very precincts. They were evidently shipwrecked at a time when the site of the city was part of the bed of the sea. Under the streets of London, whose authentic history dates back full nineteen centuries, there lies a deposit of gravel of broken flints, through which have been found, widely distributed,

the bones of elephants and of hippopotami together with the rude stone implements of men. Geologists are satisfied that this is a river-drift; yet the valley washed by the Thames to-day sinks full forty feet below. Two miles from Bedford, flint tools, elephant teeth, and fresh water shells were found resting on solid beds of oolitic limestone, covered by thirteen feet of undisturbed stratified gravel and sand.

The continent has also yielded to the industrious researches of science a plentiful harvest of human relics of great antiquity. The Danish peat-mosses rest on northern drift and vary from ten to thirty feet in thickness. Trunks of Scotch fir lie prostrate in its lowest stratum; above them are specimens of the sessile variety of oak; higher still, the pedunculated; over all, the common beech, a tree which has been through the entire historic period, and is to-day the prevailing forest growth of these regions. There is no record of the fir ever having been indigenous, and when introduced it invariably languishes. As it was once king of the woods, radical changes must have taken place in the climate to have thus secured its permanent banishment. Since then at least two other classes of forests have successively skirted the borders of the bogs, and in their turn vacated the soil for a more powerful rival. Flint tools were buried far down in the peat under the firs, swords and shields of bronze lay among the oaks, while implements of iron rarely reached below embedded trunks of the modern beech. Fresh and salt water shells and the bones of mammalia were met with at all depths. None were of extinct species.

The Meuse and its tributaries are bordered by high bluffs of mountain limestone. The mouths of caverns here and there open on their almost perpendicular faces, often two hundred feet above the water level. Over forty of the chambers to which they lead have been entered by men of science. their hard crusts of stalagmite broken through, and the contents of the brec-

cia, or cemented masses, beneath thoroughly examined. The University of Liege has among the curiosities of its museum a human skull taken from one of them. It was embedded five feet deep in the same mass with the tooth of a rhinoceros, the bones of a reindeer and those of other mammalia. Near the tooth of a mammoth, almost within touching distance, the skull of a child was also found, but it proved too fragile to be removed. In another cave, in the same matrix, with the remains of a rhinoceros was a polished needle of bone with an eye pierced through it at the base. In still another, two feet below the stalagmite, three pieces of a human skull and two perfect lower jaws with teeth were intermingled with bones of bears, elephants, mammoths, and rhinoceri. Stone knives were also frequently met with in like positions. These explorations extended through many years, and brought to light a multitude of facts of similar bearing. Human and brute remains were so indiscriminately mingled in the same cemented masses under the floors of stalagmite that we can but reasonably conclude that they were introduced into the caves by the same agency and at substantially the same time. That the different classes of bones do not widely vary in their age, is indicated, some claim, by their bearing no marks about them of having been previously enveloped in any dissimilar matrix, and also by their close resemblance to each other in color and chemical condition. A most striking correspondence has been traced between many of the openings on opposite banks, rendering it highly probable that the old river channels, of which these caverns once formed a part, ran at right angles to the modern Meuse and its feeders, and have by them been sundered one by one, as through the centuries the waters cut their courses deeper in the rock. Similarly engulfed rivers still exist. In this very basin St. Hadalin and Vestre sink suddenly from sight, to reappear a mile away; while the torrent near Magnee never again

emerges, but gropes its way down to some sunless sea.

The valley of the Somme, between Amiens and Abbeville, is a mile wide and sinks nearly three hundred feet into an extensive table land of white chalk. It is covered with a growth of peat ten to thirty feet thick. Under the peat is a thin layer of clay; under the clay, gravel; under the gravel, chalk. The bones embedded in the peat are all of living species, and the shells principally of fresh water origin. The peat reaches to the coast, indeed, passes under the sand dunes and below the sea level. Frequently the waves of the English Channel, when lashed by the storm, will throw up compact masses of it, enclosing trunks of trees, showing an extensive sinking of the land since the coming of the peat. Ninety feet, more or less, above the surface of the Somme are gravel terraces. As these contain fluviatile shells and abruptly end in isolated patches, they must have been a part of the old river bed, and have covered the entire face of the valley before it had sunk to its present level. These terraces on examination proved to be repositories of hatchets and bones similar to those in the Brixham and other caves, and so placed as to corroborate their report, putting to rest objections urged to the latter, that they were simply deserted dens of wild beasts, used by savages as places of refuge or burial, perhaps thousands of years after they had been abandoned. These relics lay together under twenty feet of gravel in which there was not a single vertical rent, while the overlying strata of sand and loam were equally undisturbed. Near the bottom of one of the pits there was discovered the leg of a rhinoceros with every bone in place. An elephant's tooth and a flint tool lay within a foot of each other, the tool under the tooth. Tusks of hippopotami were in the same aged gravel with knives and hatchets. Remnants of mammoth and reindeer were also widely distributed. Along the valley of the Seine, in the suburbs of Paris, there have been like explorations, accompanied with like results.

In the Aurignac grotto, at the base of the Pyrenees, there were seventeen human skeletons, more or less complete, heaped together on a flooring of made earth, associated with bones often of entire limbs of cave-lions, wild boars, bears and rhinoceri, together with occasional works of ornament and use. A slab of rock closed the entrance. Outside, immediately in front, spread over quite an area, were eight inches of ashes and cinders, mixed with gnawed bones of nineteen extinct and recent species of mammalia, fragments of heat colored sandstone, and a large variety of flint knives, hatchets, and projectiles. Many of the bones, those of the rhinoceros among the number, had been split open, evidently by men to secure their marrow for food. There was the bone of a cave-bear picked up, on which the marks of fire were of such a character as to clearly indicate that the bone still possessed its animal matter when thrown upon the coals on the hearth. Loose *débris* from the mountain had completely hidden the relics. It is conjectured, and seemingly with reason, that this place had been chosen as a burial vault by some primitive people who were accustomed to inter mementos of the chase with the bodies of their dead, and to conclude their obsequies with a feast. After they had gone hyenas probably came and gnawed the refuse bones, scattered in the ashes.

In 1819, at a place called Sodertelje, a little south of Stockholm, the wooden frame of a rude hut was found under sixty feet of marine deposit. At the time of its discovery it stood above the sea level. A quantity of charcoal still lay upon a ring of hearth-stones on the floor. Dwarf varieties of brackish water shells, common to the Bothnian Gulf, were interspersed through the overlying strata.

The Delta of the Tinere, laid bare by an extensive railroad cutting, was found to be composed in part of three layers of vegetable soil, the surface of each of which must at different periods have constituted the surface of the land.

In the first, five inches thick and lying four feet below the present level, were found Roman relics; in the second, six inches thick and ten feet below, unvarnished pottery and tools of bronze; in the third, seven inches thick and nineteen feet below, rude pottery, charcoal, and human bones. The regularity of this river accumulation is especially noteworthy, evincing a uniform action of forces. The Danish shell mounds show us that since men fished in the Baltic the sea water has been so freshened by the upheaval of the floor of the ocean as to dwarf oysters and other mollusks to half their former size.

Ninety-five shafts have been sunk in the mud of the Nile from which at all depths have been taken out works of human skill. Yet the entire lack of stratification and the prevailing custom of the inhabitants to surround their structures by high embankments supported by woodea walls which in time fall away through neglect, have together rendered it unsafe to base upon the discoveries there made any theories of human antiquity. It has been reported that in Mississippi and California bones of men have been found in company with those of the mastodon; that in New Orleans they lay beneath four buried cypress forests, and in Florida were deeply embedded in reefs of coral; yet these reports too greatly need scientific confirmation to entitle them to anything more than a passing notice.

Hundreds of earthworks, however, have been discovered lining the banks of the Ohio and its tributaries, which, their size, shape, and contents tell us were, some of them, temples; some, barricades; some, places of sepulchre. Many have been partially undermined by rivers whose present channels lie a full mile distant. None are found on the lower terraces. The first historic European settlers found these mounds, which when built undoubtedly occupied a clear country, covered with full-grown forests of that wide variety of trees peculiar to American soil, and to have been used as hunting grounds

from times immemorial by wild tribes of Indians, among whom not a single tradition existed of this ancient civilized people, who, in some forgotten era sowed fields, worked in metals, held commercial intercourse with foreign nations, built walled cities, and stately assembled in houses of worship. On some of these mounds, trees have been cut down whose trunks displayed eight hundred rings of annual growth.

These facts, every one of which has received the indorsement of writers of acknowledged authority in scientific circles, comprise the leading geological data on which rest the more considerate theories of to-day respecting the antiquity of our race. It is true there exist wide differences of opinion on this subject, but they are principally the outgrowths of differences in interpretation.

On the question of time-relative it hardly seems possible for more than one sentiment to prevail. Since man was first introduced upon the planet, radical changes have been effected in the configuration of continents, the system of natural drainage, the nature of climate, and the character of brute tribes. Rivers that were main arteries of life to extensive districts have disappeared with the herds of mammoth that browsed on their banks. Reindeer and musk-buffaloes have since then been forced out of the temperate zone into higher latitudes, while the only living near relatives of the lions, hyenas, elephants, and rhinoceri that men once hunted in European forests have, as far back as there is any record, made their beds in the tangled jungles of the tropics. The present site of Glasgow, understrewn with the boats of shipwrecked fishermen, has been lifted out of the arms of the sea. The Thames has shifted and deeply sunk its channel; hippopotami have perished out of the land, and over their old wallowing places for many a century have stood Westminster Abbey and the cathedral of St. Paul. The forces of hidden fires have thrown up

near the harbor of Brixham what were once parts of subterraneous river channels, transforming them into the crests of isolated hills. Powerful streams on the Continent have become dry and their old courses cut in sunder by the more modern Meuse and its tributaries, which even in their day have worn their way down one and two hundred feet into mountain limestone. Since that rude hut near Stockholm sheltered its human inhabitants from storms and from the rigors of winter, it has been sunk and the sea suffered to flow over it a length of time sufficient for sixty feet of sediment to settle on its roof, and has then again lifted it above the water's level. All these and many other changes equally marked have transpired within the human period, yet in a past so remote that even tradition is silent concerning them. Nineteen centuries ago Denmark attracted the attention of Julius Cæsar by the magnificence of her beech forests. In this same source of wealth she stands peerless to-day. Through such a lengthened lapse of time neither the character of her trees nor their tropical luxuriance have noticeably changed, yet we possess convincing proofs that oaks preceded the beeches and were once as exclusive monopolists of the soil as they. How long they lasted, or what influences at first introduced or what at last banished them, are matters about which we may conjecture but can never know. Still farther back in the past than even the dynasty of the oaks, forests of firs rooted in the same soil and drank in the sunlight of perhaps as many centuries. And when we have reached the pine woods we have come only upon the close of the Stone Age in Europe, for not a single bone of those extinct species of mammalia that were the contemporaries of man has been found among the buried trunks of this remote vegetation. These relics in fact carry us no farther back than the thirty feet of peat on the Valley of the Somme; yet long before that, and still within the age of man,

this river of France had gathered with its current a deposit of twenty feet of gravel, and afterwards had cut its way down ninety feet into a bed of chalk.

When we attempt, however, to solve the problem of time-absolute, we encounter seemingly insuperable obstacles on the very threshold of the inquiry. It would be exceedingly hazardous for us in constructing our chronological tables to assume that any of these mentioned changes has been effected through some slow and uniform method, or that the different processes have been separated by long intervals of quiet. The intensity with which natural forces have worked in the past has evidently widely varied. Even if in some localities peat can be shown to have been a gradual accumulation of decayed grasses and leaves, there are also authentic instances of swamp bogs suddenly bursting and inundating large tracts of land with their black contents. On our own Western coast, mud volcanoes are seen to-day in full activity. But aside from all this, not only in different countries but in different ages in the same country, there may have existed decided differences, if not actual contrasts, in the humidity of the atmosphere, the length of the growing season, and the character of plant life. Yet without these data, which it seems quite impossible to obtain, our time-estimates can be little better than loose conjectures. So, too, the known period the beeches have occupied the Danish soil, really furnishes no reliable unit with which to measure the age of the oak and fir forests that preceded them; for the conditions of growth may have materially altered since then, and each burial for aught we know may have been the brief work of a single hour. We have the testimony of President Harrison that the great variety displayed in the trees growing above the Ohio mounds are a sure sign of great antiquity, but of how great, even he, with his extensive experience as a backwoodsman, thought it unwise to venture an opinion.

Again, rivers have not always been the tame currents we see them to-day. But should we so judge, and on their present wearing power estimate the centuries consumed by them in shifting their channels over such remarkable distances and sinking them, as they have, hundreds of feet into solid rock, two or three scores would scarce suffice, and they are but late successors to those other streams, broken fragments of whose abandoned beds we have seen to honeycomb isolated hill tops or to open far up on the faces of perpendicular cliffs. The "boulder clay," geologists unanimously agree is absolutely free of every relic, brute or human. In no deposit under the clay has the latter ever been found, yet both are abundant down to its very surface. If this fact has any significance, it teaches us that the glaciers had just left the valleys of Europe when man came upon the scene. Melted fields of ice must have recently been turned into turbid torrents sweeping to the sea with a resistless energy, for none less powerful ever could have left behind them beds and deltas of such character as the explorations of science have brought to light; and a change of climate radical enough to unloose the frost-fetters with which a continent had been bound through an unbroken winter of centuries, must necessarily have ushered in a scene to which the comparative quiet and order familiar to us were entire strangers. River washings can in consequence furnish no certain clue to the mystery that shrouds the birth-time of our race. Professor Guyot claims that he has ascertained from astronomical data that the last drift occurred nine or ten thousand years ago, but his figures yet wait proof.

Some have sought solution in those vast changes of level effected within the human period, changes that terminated the reign of ice, drove the firs and the oaks from Denmark, stunted the growth of shell-fish in the Baltic, converted ocean beds into eligible city

sites, gave a new water-shed to Europe, and utterly exterminated many of her animal species. But the same difficulties still meet us, for it would be idle to affirm that the thin crust formed over a restless central sea of fire has been lifted and sunk through all past periods with a motion measured as the swinging beats of a pendulum, notwithstanding we are assured that the coasts of Scotland have since the Roman Conquest risen twenty-seven feet with a steady slowness well nigh imperceptible, or that at this very hour the coasts of Nova Scotia are sinking just as gently into the arms of the sea. Earthquake and volcano stand grim witnesses against the soundness of any such conclusion.

Some have hoped for an answer in the fact that since the Stone Age an entire group of quadrupeds have become extinct. Etchings on ivory, found in river silt, of a hairy mammoth, the fur-coated carcasses of elephants and rhinoceri washed out of the frozen mud of Siberia within the last hundred years, and the presence of reindeer and musk-buffalo bones in the caves of Brixham and Liege and in the gravel-terraces of the Somme, suggest that these strange species were of an arctic nature and melted away with the glaciers and icebergs of the drift. But further definiteness it is folly to attempt. In New York in 1845 a mastodon's skeleton was found possessing a remarkably fresh appearance. Within it was a quantity of half-chewed twigs in a state of perfect preservation, the animal having evidently mired in the bog on which he was last feeding. Three feet of peat lay above him, a work of but three or four thousand years on the largest estimate.

Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, informs us that traditions of the mastodon still existed among North American Indians. When, in connection with these facts, we bear in mind that all of these extinct species, whose bones are scattered through the caves and outer river drifts of Europe, were post-pliocene and comprised but about a tenth of the entire number, we feel that we have here left us a very large liberty of belief. It is possible we may be looking into the sepulchre of a hundred centuries; it is also possible these relics carry us no farther back than fifty.

Lastly, if it could be as satisfactorily proved as it is confidently asserted in certain quarters, that human implements were first fashioned from stone, that bronze succeeded the stone, and iron the bronze, and that each advance in the arts was taken at substantially the same time the world over, it would then perhaps be within the reach of present geological knowledge to count at least the millenniums that the Earth has been the home of the human family. But even in this day of needle-guns and Henry rifles, the Australian lives on game killed with stone weapons strangely resembling those dug from the gravel-pits at Amiens and Abbeville; and a hundred years have scarcely passed away since powder and ball usurped the place of the Indian's flint hatchet and arrow-head. In the early ages as wide contrasts as these may have marked the condition of people separated simply by a lake, a wood, or a mountain range; for frequent and familiar intercourse among nations, a thing unthought of then, is the principal and almost only equalizer in the world's life.

W. W. Kinsley.

THE YARN OF A WEAVER.

IT was somewhere near the year eighteen hundred and fifty, that an event occurred in the life of Johann Bierslinger which quite broke up the monotony of his existence. I am particular about the date, not because the event in question was of any importance to you or me or anybody except the two or three immediately interested therein, but in order to fix some definite starting-point for my story. This having been established, we may proceed very comfortably and methodically — which is only following out the principle of our friend Johann, who was as methodical a young man as there was in Golgau. Ever since he had commenced to learn the trade of his father in the little back room on the *Königstrasse*, Johann had been the same prudent youth; and the united economic virtues of father and son had caused the little back room to grow into a large and prosperous establishment. Time, flying, had dropped the old man behind when he became weak and burdensome, and the young weaver was left to carry on the business alone. He had wrought so assiduously during these first years of his life, that he had quite neglected the pleasures and pursuits to which young men are generally addicted. I believe I can state positively that Johann was not considered a "fast" young man. To be sure, he had his little circle of male friends, to whom he imparted such ideas as occurred to him (and they were very few), and with whom he drank sour wine and beer. As far as I am informed, he did have a weakness for beer, as well as for a very long-stemmed pipe which he smoked of nights with great industry. Yet, for all this, he was very moderate in his habits, and would listen with astonishment to the tales of young men boasting of their exploits with the fairer sex. Having always lived alone with his father (his mother had died before his

faculty of recollection had developed), and his acquaintance with the sex having been limited to a rusty old aunt or two, it is natural to suppose that his ideas of females were rather vague. He was so diffident that for the life of him he could not breathe freely in passing one on the street.

What must have been his bewilderment, then, when all at once he found himself in love with the prettiest girl in Golgau! Little Kathrina was the only child of an army officer's relict, and lived with her mother in a cottage between two high brick mansions on the *Königstrasse*. It happened that Johann went to the *Kirche* once — he had never contracted the habit of church-going, for which perhaps the elder Bierslinger was partly to blame — and there he saw Kathrina, and fell hopelessly in love with her.

You may imagine with what surprise the villagers heard that Kathrina and Johann were to be married! That, of course, was some time after the *coup d'amour* in the *Kirche*; I shall not attempt to explain the steps that led to their engagement. Indeed, I know nothing about it, except that it was all finally settled; and somewhere near the year eighteen hundred and fifty the event of their marriage, as I said in the outset, broke up the monotony of Johann's existence: and this fetches us just as far along in the story as we were when we commenced.

Poor, simple Johann! How he adored the parcel of flesh and blood and clothing which he bashfully but fervently promised in the *Kirche* to love and protect! And Kate looked so lovely and so modest that he felt disposed to pity the bystanders at the wedding, who were forever debarred from sharing his happy lot. Yet there were those who said that she married him for his pecuniary rather than his personal attractions. Perhaps these ex-

pressions were not unheard by Kate; for shortly after the marriage she began to suggest that Golgau was too small a place for them. The plan of emigrating to America was set forth by her in glowing colors; and Johann, having no thought but for her, willingly assented. So, after some delay, he sold out his shop, and they set their faces toward the United States.

Johann's available property amounted to about ten thousand dollars. All the fortune of his bride was comprised in the house where she had dwelt with her mother, and a small pension, which she must forfeit on leaving the country. The house sold for four hundred dollars, which amount was generously donated to the common stock. Before starting on their journey, Johann procured an insurance on his life to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, which he settled on Kate; so that in case of any accident to himself she would be provided for.

The voyage passed pleasantly enough, and, as they had already determined to try their fortunes in the West, their stay in New York was short. Arrived in Chicago, a family council was held, the result of which led to their settlement in that city. Johann immediately set at work at his old trade. Having invested their joint funds in a shop, he resumed his old life of hard work, and was soon doing a prosperous business. Their lives for the next few years partook of nothing of the romantic. They—at least Johann—lived as happily as the average of frail mortals are supposed to be capable of living. Johann it is true, did not entirely fail to discover faults in the character of his wife; yet such was his love for her that he overlooked them all, and continued the same fond and foolish lover that he was on their wedding day.

But at length there came to him a crisis sudden and overwhelming. His shop, or rather factory now, took fire. Johann's house was on a retired street, some distance off, and had been selected on account of its resemblance to the

dear little cottage on the *König strasse*. Together with Kate and the old lady, he was enjoying a late supper after a hard day's labor. Johann had fallen to talking of the old times at home (with him a well-worn subject), and was comparing his present location to Golgau, with reference to business, much to the discredit of the latter place. Just as he was descanting, for the fiftieth time, on the beauties of some new machinery which he had been purchasing, the alarm of fire broke in upon the conversation. Johann, counting the strokes, knew that it was somewhere near his factory; but, not wishing to disturb his wife, laughingly said that he would take a walk down to the fire—adding that he would be back in half an hour. As he neared the scene of action, his fears were confirmed; for the flames, which had consumed a building adjoining, were already making swift destruction of his property. There was evidently no possible salvation for the factory. For a moment Johann was stupefied. What was to be done? In his office on the second floor were valuable papers, which, if saved, would secure to him at least a portion of his property. With the courage, or rather madness, of desperation, he rushed forward and entered the building. The crowd shouted to him to return, but he leaped blindly on until he reached the stair-case leading to his office. It was only on reaching this point that he perceived the uselessness of his attempt, for the smoke rolled down in heavy volumes, rendering an ascent utterly impossible. Returning to the door, he found his passage impeded by falling timbers. He ran to the back of the building, and, crawling out of an aperture through which some pipes had formerly been laid, reached the open air. His exit had not been observed, and as he mingled in the crowd he heard the people crying out that there was a man in the building. He stood for some minutes, watching the flames remorselessly eat up the factory. All the money that he had originally in-

vested, and all that he had since accumulated, was lost — gone, almost in a moment. How many weary years of toil had it taken to earn this property, whose ashes were now scattered to the winds! How he had scraped and pinched and calculated with his father to save a penny here and a groschen there during his early years! And now, what had it all amounted to? The factory was destroyed, and he was utterly penniless. If only he had insured it! If he had only been as careful in insuring his property as in insuring his life! Ah! that was it. His life was insured for twenty thousand dollars, which would revert to Kate in case of his death, and support her in comfort all her days. He was supposed to have perished in the flames. Why not creep away unnoticed, and let his beloved wife have the benefit of the insurance? She at least would be preserved from the mortifications of poverty. But could he thus rudely separate himself from her, and sacrifice all his happiness for her sake? My dear Mr. Honeycomb, what do you think you would have done in this case?

"What!" you exclaim. "The man surely would not think of cheating the insurance companies!"

Sir, let me inform you that such an issue as that never once presented itself to our unfortunate Johann. The question with him was: Shall I sacrifice my happiness for Kathrina's comfort? A tumult of thoughts seemed to throng his brain all at once; then, with a powerful effort, he made his decision, and slunk away out of the crowd into the darkness,—no longer the prosperous Johann Bierslinger, but a strange and unknown being, homeless and nameless. Early in the morning, a dark train bore out of the city, in its darkest corner, a man who stammered when the conductor asked his destination, as if the subject had never occurred to him before.

While the current of one life was shifting so completely, they whom it most concerned were sitting at the

supper-table waiting for Johann's return. Kate read the newspaper (she had learned to read English quite readily), and the old lady brought out her knitting-work and wondered occasionally at the prolonged absence of her son-in-law. As it grew later, the servant cleared away the table. Kate, having finished reading the news, began on the advertisements. Her mother finally retired, grumbling at Johann for his late hours — hours destined to be later than her latest thought. Years are but the expansion of hours, and years grow strangely late.

Kathrina was still reading the newspaper, when a neighbor came in and acquainted her with the loss of the factory. If this had been such a blow to her husband, what must have been the feelings of Kate, whose every thought was bound up in the acquisition of wealth! And she had married below her station in society for this! To be reduced to poverty, and be cut by all her acquaintances (as she knew she would be), was too much for her to bear. She determined to faint away, so that when Johann came home he should be duly apprised of the enormity of his guilt towards her. Accordingly, before the neighbor (who was trying to find some way of gently breaking the whole news to her) could say another word, Kathrina swooned gracefully away.

It would, of course, be wrong in me to say that the death of her husband did not affect Mrs. Kate. If she ever loved him, it was at the moment when told that she should see him no more. She went into deepest mourning for many months. If outward calmness is a symptom of internal grief, she was the victim of the most violent emotion. If she ever wept, it was in the privacy of her own chamber, where we will not intrude. Her's was no common loss. Some husbands love their wives, their children, their parents their horses, their money,—in fact, everything about them. They seem to have an unlimited

capacity for loving. Johann loved Kathrina — Kathrina alone. And this husband, who loved her, had been snatched away in a terrible manner, and without even a chance of saying "Good-bye!" or "God bless you!" Not to mourn the loss of such a husband, would prove her an ingrate of the lowest type.

Of course, the idea of thinking about her husband's property was at first intolerable. When she came to look into matters, however, she found that while there were no outstanding debts, yet all the business property had been destroyed in the fire, and she and her mother left with only the cottage which they could call their own. She indignantly refused to touch the life-insurance money. It seemed to her, she declared, like a sacrilege. But after a while she felt that, as it had been her husband's intention to provide for her, she should accept it.

Twenty thousand dollars in cash was no small sum at that time, and Kathrina had little difficulty in investing it safely. Much of it she caused to be put in real estate. This increased greatly in value, and in due course of time Mrs. Kate Bierslinger attained the reputation of being a rich young widow. The little cottage was rented, and its former mistress purchased a fine house on a fashionable avenue. She kept a splendid carriage, with driver and footman in livery. Her business was all transacted by her agents, and she was apparently in want of nothing to add to a life of ease. Friends, of whom she had many as she grew wealthier, advised her to marry; but she kept her own counsel. She had reared a stately monument to Johann, and this she visited often. After a while she began to figure on the charity-lists, and her name was a synonym for benevolence. She founded a hospital, and visited the poorer districts of the city on errands of mercy.

One day while riding in her carriage, accompanied by several of her lady friends, they passed a party of laborers

who were at work mending the pavement. Kathrina was in the midst of an animated conversation, but happened to catch the eye of one of the men, dressed in a ragged blouse and smoking a short pipe, who looked so like her deceased husband that she fainted outright and in good earnest for once in her life. She was taken to the house of one of her friends, and on recovering demanded to be driven back immediately to the group of laborers. Her second thought must have convinced her that she had been the victim of a silly illusion; for, before reaching the spot, she ordered the coachman to return to the house. She did not even consider it necessary to obtain certain proof of her weakness by again facing the cause of her agitation. Having recovered her spirits, she proceeded with her friends on their original errand; and they soon forgot the incident. Kate, however, for a long time thereafter, scanned half-fearfully the faces of all the laborers she met, probably with the vain hope of again seeing the one that had gazed up at her out of her dead husband's countenance.

Ten years drag along very slowly, even with the rich, who have every convenience for killing time. Mrs. Kate Bierslinger felt very lonely after her mother's death, which occurred one night, not altogether unexpectedly, for she had long been a confirmed invalid. Kate was young (hardly thirty yet), and better looking than when as a girl she won the affections of the simple weaver in Golgau. She moved in a very high circle of society, and was admired at Newport and Saratoga. Among her numerous lovers was Mr. —, a wealthy Chicago merchant. To him she finally yielded her hand and heart, at his urgent solicitation. Who can blame her? Had she not sorrowed long enough in satin and *rouge* for her dead husband?

The time of the wedding was set. It was to be celebrated with great splendor, and for many weeks Kate kept

several millinery and dress-making shops desperately at work. At length the eventful morning dawned. The preparations were all complete; the bridegroom was already at church; the carriage was at the door waiting to bear her thither; and she was about to descend from her room, when a note was brought her by a servant, addressed to "Mrs. Kate Bierslinger." It was not a very formidable note, being written with a pencil on the back of an old envelope, and tied round with a string; but, for all that, Mrs. Kate turned as pale as the marble mantle-piece on which she leaned for support. The following is a true copy of the epistle:

"MEINE LIEBCHEN: Dies ist tu mach the kno das Ich bin nicht burnd als thow hast immer tought. Ich wohne in dieser Stadt. Thow are a Man to mari welch unrecht wud be. Ich bin nicht fitt for the to se, so das Ich wud the nicht mir out to finden ask.
"JOHANN."

Mrs. Kate Bierslinger read this over several times, though evidently not so much to arrive at the sense of the letter as to reflect upon it. Perhaps Mrs. Kate concluded that the note was a cruel imposition, or, perhaps, only a practical joke (so opportune a moment for a practical joke!) played upon her by a friend. The idea of her former husband having been alive these past ten years, without presenting himself to her, was too ridiculous to imagine. And even if living, how, in his present condition, could he identify—but this is touching on the wrong train of thought. Perhaps, I say, such thoughts as these, and a hundred more, flashed through her mind in that moment. If there ever came a crisis in the life of Mrs. Kate, it was then. Whether or no, it did not take her long to decide her course; for, saying that she was ready, she descended to her carriage and was driven to the church.

A few days after the marriage of the wealthy Mr. ——— to the beautiful

Mrs. Bierslinger, there was brought to the hospital founded by the latter, a prematurely old man, in a state of complete physical exhaustion. It soon appeared that he was steadily declining, and all hope of his restoration was abandoned by the physician. The man would answer no questions, and his vocabulary was limited to one word, "Kate." He murmured "Kate" in his sleep; "Kate" was his first word on waking; and "Kate" apparently formed the staple of his delicious fancies. "Kate" seemed to be the most original remark that he was capable of.

It chanced one day that the late Mrs. Bierslinger, accompanied by her new husband, visited the hospital on one of her customary errands of mercy. What a happy couple they looked! And how the sick raised themselves in their cots, and called down blessings upon their benefactors! This was all very pleasant to Mrs. Kate, who smiled graciously around, and looked a perfect picture of youth, beauty, and goodness. While conversing with the attending physician on the condition of the various patients, there came from one of the beds a low moan of "Kate!" The wife of the wealthy Mr. ———, and the angel of mercy to the afflicted, gave a sudden start, which, being noticed by the physician, he hastened to explain the cause.

"Would n't you like to see the poor creature, Kate?" said her husband, jocularly. "Perhaps he is some old adorer of yours."

"No, thank you; I do not care to see him," she rejoined, carelessly; and during her ride back to the city she was unusually taciturn.

But why drag out this story longer? The yarn of the weaver was spun, and laid away for a final examination. I have no desire to follow the fortunes of Mrs. Kate. Her conduct will also be adjudged at the proper time. She may have been sincerely honest in her course of action. How could she have known that Johann, who had sacrificed

his prospects in life for her, and would willingly sacrifice his life as well, was living for more than ten years in most abject poverty within sight of her avenue mansion? How could she have guessed that, escaping from the flames, he had drifted about, without ambition or even power to work at his old trade? — that, friendless, moneyless, and almost mindless, he had crept back to the city, that he might at least be near the woman he loved? If, looking from her cheerful window, on cold wintry nights, she had seen a solitary figure passing and repassing, and had known this to be her own husband, would she not have flown to him and never again let him depart from her? I do not know. I only know that there was soon a new-made mound in the little graveyard not far from the hospital, and that no one knew who it was

that was buried there, except that it was the strange man who had died in the hospital in his delirium. And if it was remorse or an uneasy conscience that caused Kathrina to come so often and sit so long beside the nameless grave, and to deck it with wild flowers such as years before she had worn in her bosom when a maiden among the youth of Golgau, it came all too late: too late at least to be of any service to him who had at last found refuge from the cold and pain and hunger which he had borne willingly for her sake; — let us hope not too late to have its influence upon her own better nature.

"And I think in the lives of most women and men
There's a moment when all might go smooth
and even:
— If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven!"

G. E. Wright.

IN THE CALIFORNIA REDWOODS.

JOHN RUSKIN fancifully calls the pines "the builders of the sword." There is little likelihood that the redwoods of California will ever furnish any large or especially warlike contingent to her defensive forces, in case her coast should be assailed, for it does not now seem probable that they will ever be inhabited except by the lumbermen themselves, if indeed it is desirable that they should be. Hardly on earth can be found such another perfect desert as among the redwoods. The traveller in them feels oppressed and awed by the simple and unmitigated desolation, the utter failing of vegetable or animal life. Through the columnar and funereal gloom of these mighty trees he wanders on and on, beholding nothing, almost absolutely nothing else but these vast trunks — leather-colored and buttressed with enormous pilasters of bark — and the reddish carpet furnished by the

falling of the wiry foliage. In the wide pineries of Mississippi, men grow tall, reaching up toward the sun like colorless potato-stalks in a cellar, for in them there is some possibility of seeing him, or at least of hewing an auger-hole clearing through which the man may gaze into the face of heaven; but here the sun is obscured forever, and it seems as if those majestic crowns, slowly rocking against an azure heaven, had swept that luminary clean out of it. Now and then, perhaps, at long intervals, his light gleams down in a feeble shaft through some casual chink, and, either by some substance adhering to the foliage, or by the mugginess of the atmosphere, that speck of his disc which the eye can steadily behold without blinking becomes transformed into a star-shaped halo, in which are visible all the colors of the solar spectrum, glancing and glinting among the slow-

moving foliage. Far, far above, the enormous trunks begin at last to shoot out some feeble branches, and to wreathe themselves about with their thin, splint-like foliage. In his "Animated Nature," Goldsmith relates, in his simple way, how the traveller as he penetrates into the unbroken solitudes of primeval forests, hears no longer the cheerful song of birds, those little songsters being driven by the ravenous falcon to seek the protecting abodes of man. In all other forests I ever traversed there was some compensation for the missing bird music in "the forms and hues of vegetable beauty"; but here there is nothing whatever but the bleak and barren covering of straw, and these gigantic columns which heave their majestic crests in the face of heaven, turning the noonday into darkness. The wind passes so far overhead that the plaintive sighing of the pines, or their cold, lonesome roaring in a tempest, is scarcely heard on the ground among the redwoods. Silence, awful and sepulchral, reigns here forever. Nor summer nor winter is known among the redwoods; the same dark, pitiless, funereal season prevails through all the year. "No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd" in spring-time; no light and fleecy flakes of snow drift down to cover the naked earth in pitying tenderness; no leaves of golden and crimson tint, in the sad and pensive glory of autumn, float down here, with many a melancholy and lingering flutter, to the ground. The dweller in the redwoods only knows that at some undetermined season, from some hidden source, the rain begins to trickle dismally down through the gloom; and that at another season it ceases as it began. With no other trees among them, no rival near the throne, alone and unapproachable amid the desolation that their overshadowing vastness has created, the redwoods slowly grow through the centuries, unscathed by the fire that rages about their bases, unharmed by storm or flood or earthquake. In the presence of these mon-

archs of earth, standing in their grim silence, one feels an inexpressible emotion of the infinite, and the mind finds itself struggling in that useless grapple with the thoughts of eternity which overpowers it, and brings into the eyes the tears of human helplessness and littleness. What a place of inspiration had this been for Bryant! How he would have felt his heart moved more than by a trumpet! and how his noble organ-tones would have been deepened here!

The intelligent reader is aware that the redwood (I will not give the learned botanic name, for I don't know what it is,) grows along the Coast Range of California, from Klamath County down to San Luis Obispo, in a narrow and disconnected belt on the slope next the Pacific. It is a tree which flourishes only in a humid atmosphere, and therefore is not found in locations beyond the influence of the dense, cold ocean fogs, extending only ten or twelve miles up the rivers and creeks, seeking the darkest and dankest coves in their banks, and seldom growing at an elevation of over a thousand feet on the mountains. The redwoods are not the "Big Trees," which grow only on the Sierra Nevada, though they are quite similar to them, being of the same botanic family, and sometimes fall little short of attaining the girth of those renowned giants. The lumber resembles cedar very much, being reddish and slightly odorous; and for all uses to which soft lumber can be put, it is probably the most admirable material on the continent. It is the one capital source of supply for building purposes in California, and every year sees at least eighty million feet of it consumed in this State alone, besides probably an equal amount (the redwood cannot be separated from other kinds in the official tables) exported to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, Mexico, and South America. It is great cause of thankfulness in this sparsely wooded State, that the redwood grows only on the Coast Range, and

not on the Sierra Nevada, thus escaping the frightful ravages of the miners.

I have said above that there is small probability that the redwoods will be inhabited, except by the lumbermen themselves, at least within a century. There is one fact that should be somewhat reassuring and satisfactory to those who are concerned for the future lumber supply of California—the hardy pioneer cannot ruthlessly destroy and reduce to ashes the redwood forests, as the manner of Eastern settlers is in the backwoods. They heave themselves up in their majestic strength and greatness, and they dishearten and appal any one man and his wife and children, or any two men, for that matter, by their vast dimensions. Even if one man can, single-handed, somehow succeed in bringing one down at last, he cannot destroy the enormous trunk with fire, according to the backwoodsman's fashion in the East. "Logging" here becomes a hopeless and ridiculous failure; and if he waits until it rots before he attempts to cultivate a crop—and the redwoods cover nearly all the ground where they are fallen—he will be like the Horatian peasant, *Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis*, so wonderful is the durability of this wood. He will go down into his grave, and his children after him will be gray-haired, before the mighty butt-cut crumbles and returns to its original element. The redwoods are safe, therefore, against that sporadic and vandalic slashing of the independent American backwoodsman, who regards the public forests as possessing no other utility but to be reduced to ashes, that he may enrich his corn and his turnips with their ruins. No one man can do anything against the ancient and solemn peace of these forests; only an organized company, strong with capital and with big engineering, can accomplish any matter effectually. It is an amusing and almost a pathetic spectacle to see the bachelor pioneer squatting in the edge of the redwoods—always, if possible, hard by the river-side, else he would despair of

ever hewing a hole up through, that he might behold the firmament and the goodly light of the sun—and working one whole day and a half of another, perchance, to fell a single tree, which, when prostrate at last, lifts its enormous back as high as his roof-comb. For days and weeks he beats out rails and "shakes" (long undressed shingles) from the upper lengths of the monster; and in the lower end, which is hollow, he constructs a hen-house, capacious enough to house his whole hennerly, with a spare chamber or two for the suspension of his bacon therein. What a sarcasm is that big butt-cut—lying there in its fallen greatness—upon the pigmy cabin our bachelor has constructed for himself!

Stumptown! There is a rude descriptive significance in this name peculiarly Californian, just as there is, perhaps, in Hangtown or Helltown. It is in Sonoma County, on Russian River, about ten miles from the Pacific; and a funny-looking place it is, with a little shanty and a mighty stump alternately—the latter nearly as large as the former, and about twice as numerous. The streets of it dodge about in a most accommodating spirit, for the respect shown to the stumps by the engineers and graders is conspicuously manifest. The problem of finding a given shanty by its street and number is more discouraging than a Chinese puzzle, and it is a highly inconvenient place for an individual who is slightly "screwed" on the mellow product of Sonoma vineyards to attempt to journey about in after nightfall.

After you go down below Green Valley, famous for its grapes, the prairie land along Russian River gradually disappears, and is replaced, as you come within the influence of the ocean's damp breath, by the moisture-loving redwood; and finally the "bottom land"—to use a bit of Western phrasing—ceases altogether, and the river winds down very crookedly, between low redwood-covered mountains, to the Pacific. After coming from the

utterly bleak and naked-looking villages of the great treeless plains of the Sacramento Valley, the traveller is surprised to find that California, ever true to its character of extremes, in this little hamlet of Stumptown, surpasses anything ever seen in Eastern frontier towns in the gigantic ruggedness and roughness of its stumps.

There are four sawmills in and about this village. That in the village gives employment to fifty men, in cutting, hauling to the mill, and sawing; and there is about an equal number employed at each of the other three mills, many of them having their families about them, so that they are the nuclei respectively of very considerable colonies. This mill has turned out three million feet of lumber during the last year, and the others have about an equal capacity. Let us estimate a wagon-load of lumber at three thousand feet, (and this is a large load even for a California wagon,) and suppose that each wagon is four days in reaching its destination and returning, and we shall have seventy-five loads as the yearly capacity of each wagon. At this rate, it would take sixteen wagons to a mill; and each one, therefore, gives direct employment to sixty-six men, sixty-four horses, and about a dozen oxen. For the purpose of getting out the lumber, they have succeeded in forcing wagon-roads through the forest, but in most cases where it is necessary to travel through the redwoods, even Californians are content to transport everything on pack-mules. And it is a curious spectacle to see a long train of them traversing one of these gloomy and silent wastes, where even the owl is appalled, winding about with infinite sinuosities around one tree and another.

Most of the trees have such an enormous bulb upon the ground that it is necessary to cut them off at an elevation of eight or ten feet. First, the woodman cuts niches in the tree about as high up as his head, and then constructs a scaffold whereon to stand while chopping. A skilful chopper has

two axes, one with which to cut through the great ribs of bark, which is gritty and would spoil his best axe, and another for the main business of felling the tree. It takes a very long pair of arms and a long-handled axe to reach across; and happy is that woodman who is ambidextrous, and can make a "scarf" as smooth as a saw-cut with either hand foremost, for he is certain of the best wages, and he alone can cut down, without an assistant, the largest trees, by swinging his axe first in one hand, then in the other. After a half a day or so the monster begins to quiver a little, away up somewhere about the region of the sun, and at last he bows his head for the fall, and then there is a mighty scampering off the scaffold, a long and mournful creak when the old fellow breaks his great heart, a swift and whizzing rush through mid-heaven, a crash and splintering of his pigmy neighbors, and then a stupendous and awful thud upon the ground, which quivers for a mile around, while the surrounding forest smokes with the dust, and the trees rock to and fro with violence, as if there had been an earthquake. The great old monarch lies prostrate and humbled, but it may be some small consolation to him to see how his puny destroyers have fled at the thunder of his falling.

It is no small labor, one may well believe, even to saw the monster in two after he is fallen, and scaffolding has to be erected again. In the case of ordinary-sized trees, there is in use in many mills in California an improved drag-tooth saw, one-handed, which is a great advance over the old-time cross-cut, inasmuch as it enables one man to cut through a five-foot log about as quickly as by the ancient method, and much more easily. When the logs are cut, an enormous pair of truck-wheels, about ten feet in diameter, are brought upon the ground, and one end of the log is suspended beneath the arched axle, so that with four or five yoke of big, crooked-kneed oxen tugging at it, it can be

dragged a short distance to the mill. For the largest ones, a causeway is generally prepared by laying down green, peeled skids, like railroad ties. For the smaller-sized ones, wooden tracks are laid, on which low flat-cars are run, with the logs laid wholly upon them. At this mill there is a little creek running a short distance up among the redwoods, and by damming this at the mouth, and keeping it full by means of a steam-pump running day and night, pumping water into it from Russian River, a water-way is procured, whereon the logs are floated a few hundred yards to the mill. There is a mill at the mouth of the river which is supplied wholly from above; and during the dry season thousands of valuable sawlogs accumulate on the sandbars, and shoot out into the ocean on the Christmas freshet, where they are lost beyond recovery. Such is the California wastefulness of this invaluable lumber.

Taking considerable interest myself in farming, I had no little curiosity to see what availability these redwood lands possess for agricultural purposes. On Russian River I saw a clearing of a few acres, on which there was harvested this year a crop of wheat; and a curious-looking place it was, with the huge, fire-blackened stumps protruding up all over it, so that the field looked somewhat, perhaps, like the ruins of Chicago. I think an Illinois farmer would smile at the prospect of getting his winter's bread among these Titanic roots, and, indeed, it is highly probable that the owner made the experiment more to develop a new "California curiosity" than for any other purpose. The stumps must certainly occupy a fifth of the ground, yet the owner gathered off it about thirty-five bushels per acre. But the best use to which these redwood lands can be applied in this treeless State is, to let them grow up again in forests. The redwood is wonderfully persistent in growing, and sends up shoots with a vitality almost as indestructible as

that of the famous Balm-of-Gilead. Stumps that have been cut from seven to ten years are encircled with young trees eight or ten inches in diameter; and if the owner would only give some attention to the matter, and spalt off all except two shoots, on opposite sides of the parent stem, in twenty years, perhaps in less time, he would have a forest of trees from fifteen to twenty-five inches in diameter, which would be more valuable by that time than the intervening crops he might gather. So wonderful is the life-power of this remarkable tree, that I believe successive forests might be cultivated on the mother stock for centuries, just as sugar-cane in Louisiana is grown year after year from the same clumps of roots. The redwood is one of the great compensations of Nature in this arid and almost treeless State. Besides that, the roots will never die out, so that the farmer can plough among them without great wrath, much profane swearing, and fracture of ploughs, to say nothing of the poor horses' shoulders jammed like a pounded beef-steak. "The redwood has as many lives as a cat," say the woodmen. In one place I saw where a gigantic tree had fallen across a little brook, many years ago, in a dank, dark cañon; and though it clung to the earth with only a single root, and was else wholly dead, two shoots had sprouted up on the middle of the log and waxed great. Thus there was presented the curious spectacle of two tall and lusty trees growing right above the middle of the brook, rooting in a horizontal log ten or twelve feet above the water.

When "shakes" are employed in the construction of a cabin, they are simply laid on in weatherboard fashion, reaching from one piece of studding to another. But no Californian can live with any considerable degree of self-respect, unless he is inside of a shell of savory redwood. Supposing him to be arrived in the redwood forest, and to be already provided with the *placens uxor*, let us see how he proceeds to

build himself a *domus*. He first smooths off a space and lays down some little pieces of boards and blocks for underpinning, on which he lays a square framework of sills. He then takes two boards and nails them together, as if he were about to make an eaves-trough; but this eaves-trough he claps on the corner of his house, upright, and nails the same post for a corner-post. He does the same at each corner, then fastens them together atop with another square framework, quickly nails on the siding of the house, gets up the rafters, spreads on the shingles, lays the floor, and it is done. Total cost—\$47.00 in gold. "A thing which is done has a head," say the Italians. Our house has no head, but a mighty deal of body, being all body from the shingles down to the floor. And the cracks are so wide that you can stick your hand right out through them, and when visitors come, you can look out and see who they are without running to the window—if there be one. A bachelor friend of mine has lately established his quarters in the redwoods, in a cabin of "shakes," and he "has not yet had time to put in a window," albeit he finds time to read "The Newcomes." In lieu thereof he has hung up a piece of gunny-cloth, which he insists is better than a window, inasmuch as by hanging it in or out of the aperture, he can promote the movement of the atmosphere in either direction. It is like a double-acting flood-gate in a canal. Now, he also has no end of tame cats and chickens, and the same give him an intolerable deal of trouble in regard of that "window." They insidiously and with malice pre-pense creep around to the back side of his house, and fly or jump against the gunny, and come down on the inside. Then they get on the table—for their master has forgotten to give them breakfast—and one chicken gets the whole length of his neck down the cream-pitcher, while another hopeful young cock is diligently investigating the butter with his claws, and burying

his bill up to his eyes in it at every dig. Presently the owner makes a discovery in that direction, flings "The Newcomes" across the breakfast table, and chickens and cream-pitcher go off together.

All night long, in little Stumptown, the wheeze and whirr of the engine and the cursed clatter of the pump go on; and in the morning at last, after a sleepless night for the stranger, the steam-whistle breaks the nightmare of that detested, coughing engine, and summons the woodmen to arise. After a hurried ablution, and a hasty breakfast of strong black coffee, beefsteak, and small sweet potatoes (for among the redwoods that tuber falls painfully short of equalling the golden-bellied yams that grow between the fat and yellow pine-roots of Mississippi), they sally out to the forest, with axes a-shoulder; and the little town is lively and resounding with their whistling, the popping of their long ox-whips, the heavy rumbling of the truck-wheels, the curses of the teamsters, and the first lazy grunts of the engines. Then comes up the first, long, *diminuendo* groan of the lath-saw, as it cleaves off a slat; then a fine, shrill whirr; then the big, hoarse bass of the two seven-foot circular saws, as they plunge through some great redwood. If the day is sunny, now and then a gay parasol or a bit of fluttering ribbon will be seen gliding among the stumps, for the ladies of Stumptown, when they go shopping, are not disposed to lag any further than they can help behind the traditional gayety of attire seen on Montgomery Street. Russian River, no longer brightly and immaculately emerald as above, but stained by the sawdust as inky as Cocytus, glides lazily down with infinite sinuosities, between the dark-green redwood hills, on its way to the windy coast.

At night, "when work is over and done," the tired woodmen bring in their glittering axes, carefully set them away out of the reach of the children, gather in their rude board shanties,

take out their pipes, light them, and commence pulling at the same. A huge crackling fire is kindled on the hearth, with logs and slabs of redwood, in a manner that would move the envy of the Los Angeles farmer, who carefully husbands every bit of that precious article large enough to whittle. The evening is spent in telling stories, hairbreadth escapes, and moving incidents by flood or field; how poor Tom was crushed under a falling tree, and how Dick had the top of his skull neatly split open an inch deep by a circular saw, and still lived. In total default of a hotel, I stopped with the engineer—a slender, smooth-faced Alabamian, with a wife fully a head taller than himself, and modelled on an imposing scale, quite commensurate with the enormous redwoods that she lived among. Two or three hours I listened to these heavy stories, and to my host's narrative of his financial shipwreck through a rash steamboat venture up Russian River in company with a partner; how she twisted off her shaft and went to the bottom; and how the hulk now lies half-buried in the sand—a warning to any man so foolhardy as to attempt steamboat navigation on a river along which there is not yet enough traffic to have made even a respectable bridle-path—the while a half-dozen little cotton-heads romped through the room, and blew into the cat's ear with violence, to see

that inoffensive animal run and shake its head. Then we, two or three of us, crept away up the ladder to bed in a long, low attic, full of a various wealth of brown and grizzly bear-skins, dried herbs, ears of corn, pumpkins, rolls of rag-carpet, and similar. But the greatest wonder of all was the grapes which mine host had brought down from the famous Green Valley, for his winter consumption. On every rafter along its whole length, on nails, on beams, all over the gable-ends, on ropes stretched across, everywhere, they hung in hundreds of bunches, so that a nervous man, starting up suddenly in the middle of the night, stood a tolerably good chance of inserting a nail into his skull with force, and of crushing a pound or two of grapes. In this damp forest climate these grapes will keep thus for months, until they are all consumed.

Life in the redwoods, for adult persons, is sufficiently salubrious; but the humidity and denseness of the atmosphere give young children a considerable croup and cough, with a tendency to diphtheria. The children of these sawmill villages are frequently attacked with these complaints, and even grown people are obliged to keep a sharp lookout to their throats, but otherwise people living here are remarkably healthy, though their cheeks get that faded color peculiar to the inhabitants of dense forests. *Stephen Powers.*

UNAWARES.

THE wind was whispering to the vines
 The secret of the summer night;
 The tinted oriel window gleamed
 But faintly in the misty light;
 Beneath it we together sat
 In the sweet stillness of content.

Till from a slow-consenting cloud
 Came forth Diana, bright and bold,
 And drowned us, ere we were aware,
 In a great shower of liquid gold;
 And shyly lifting up my eyes
 I made acquaintance with your face.

And sudden, something in me stirred,
 And moved me to impulsive speech;
 With little flutterings between,
 And little pauses to beseech
 From your sweet graciousness of mind
 Indulgence and a kindly ear.

Ah! glad was I as any bird
 That softly pipes a timid note,
 To hear it taken up and trilled
 Out cheerily by a stronger throat—
 When free from discord and constraint
 Your thought responded to my thought.

I had a carven missal once,
 With graven scenes of "Christ, his Woe."—
 One picture in that quaint old book
 Will never from my memory go;
 Though merely in a childish wise
 I used to search for it betimes.

It showed the face of God in man
 Abandoned to his watch of pain,
 And given of his own good will
 To every weaker thing's disdain;
 But from the darkness overhead
 Two pitying angel eyes looked down.

How often in the bitter night
 Have I not fallen on my face,
 Too sick and tired of heart to ask
 God's pity in my grievous case;
 And the dank deadness of the dark,
 Receding, left me, pitiless.

Then have I said: "Ah! Christ the Lord!
 God sent His angel unto Thee;
 But both ye leave me to myself—
 Perchance ye do not even see!"
 Then was it as a mighty stone
 Above my sunken heart were rolled.

Now, in the moon's transfiguring light,
 I seemed to see you in a dream;
 Your listening face was silvered o'er
 By one divinely radiant beam;
 I leant towards you, and my talk
 Was dimly of the haunting past.

I took you through deep soundings where
 My freighted ships went down at noon—
 Gave glimpses of deflowered plains,
 Blown over by the hot Simoon;
 Then I was silent for a space:
 "God sends no angel unto me!"

My heart withdrew into itself,
 When lo! a knocking at the door:
 "Am I so soon a stranger here,
 Who was an honored guest before?"
 Then looking in your eyes I knew
 You were God's angel sent to me!

Howard Glyndon.

A HASHEESH DREAM.

WE had been reading in concert Ludlow's "Hasheesh Eater," and the reading was followed by several animated discussions of the origin and nature of the Hasheesh dream, which led us far into the domain of psychology, and often quite beyond our depths in that of the natural sciences. Each had his own theory: mine being that the exhilaration of the Hasheesh state was but the abnormal action of certain faculties of the brain under the stimulus of the drug, at the expense of the reasoning faculties; and that, as the senses are but the channels through which the impressions of the outer world are conveyed to the brain, and depend for their acuteness upon the perceptive power of the brain itself, so these perceptive qualities, enlarged to an inordinate degree by the stimulus of the drug, might in turn react upon the senses, increasing their capacity to such an extent as to enable them to perceive things invisible to themselves in the normal state; and that thus many truths of natural science, established by theory alone, might, to the bodily senses under this influence, become palpable and material facts; and thus many of the so-called hallucinations of the Hasheesh state might, after all, be but the demonstrations of facts which reason had proved to exist.

My enthusiastic support of this theory naturally led to my own selection as the first to experiment with the enticing drug in the presence of the others. It was agreed that while under the influence I should, if possible, give my companions the benefit of my experience by relating to them my impressions as they occurred.

The appointed day arrived; and, towards evening, I swallowed a large bolus of the gum, and seated myself to while away the time till the potion should take effect. Two hours thus passed away before my companions ar-

rived. By a preconcerted arrangement a lively conversation ensued upon such subjects as it was desired should make an impression upon my mind which it would retain while under the influence, and which should if possible guide and control its action. Poetry and music, with the cause of their effect upon the emotional faculties, were fully discussed; the wave theories of light, heat, and sound, with all the various phenomena of the natural sciences in these connections, were dilated upon as fully as the limited knowledge of the assembled company admitted, to all of which I was a silent but interested listener.

An hour had thus passed pleasantly away, when suddenly I felt that fine, delicate thrill which is the premonition of the state of waking dream, proceeding as it seemed from the brain centre, and coursing along each separate nerve and fibre till it fairly tingled at my finger ends. In an instant I became conscious of the dual state. Bodily present among my comrades, hearing and comprehending every word that fell from their lips, and fully conscious of all my immediate surroundings, I could yet feel my very soul rising from the body, floating high above and looking down upon myself and my friends as from an immeasurable distance. Presently a feeling of immensity began to grow upon me. The room in which we sat expanded till ceiling and walls seemed miles away; every object around me assumed a gigantic size, and for the first time in my life I felt that I could fully comprehend the immensity of space, with its system beyond system of teeming worlds, and its cycle beyond cycle of eternal orbits. The sense of time, too, was correspondingly expanded; ages seemed to pass between each separate word of my friends' conversation, and I felt upon my shoulders the burden of centuries. Springing to my feet, I exclaimed in a voice whose mea-

sured accents seemed to trail through a cycle of years, and to rebound in reverberating tones to the farthest realms of illimitable space—"A thousand years are but as a day, and a single day as a thousand years!"

At the sound of the first word the conversation ceased, and I saw that every eye in the room was watching me intently. I could both hear and feel the tones of my own voice rushing through the ear passages and impinging with thundering vibrations upon the tympanum of each. I could see, through their dilated pupils, my own image reflected in a blaze of light from each separate retina. I could hear the very beating of their hearts and the rush of the blood through their veins and arteries.

Nor was the aspect of inanimate objects around me less singular. The pores of each were distinctly visible, and as I watched the tiny craters and corrugations which appeared to cover even the most finely polished surfaces with myriads of clustering mouths, eagerly drawing in the light and air, the process of evolution of colors became distinctly visible. The rays of light from the large chandelier which depended from the centre of the ceiling, rolled in long, diverging, undulating lines of silver in every direction, each separating into its elementary colors as it impinged upon an object, a portion of the colors seeming to enter the gaping pores and disappear, while the remainder, forming by their combination the color of the object, were reflected in new undulations to my eye. Thus the black marble mantel drank in all the rays, leaving darkness upon its surface; the white walls in their turn reflected *all* the rays, while the green upholstery of the furniture absorbed all the red, orange, yellow, blue, indigo, and violet rays, throwing off only the green. And so on through all the various elementary colors or their combinations, which appeared within the apartment.

Yet, with all the thoughts and emo-

tions that crowded my heart and brain there was mingled nothing of alarm or even of astonishment at the novel aspect which all my surroundings had assumed. The change seemed but the natural order of things suddenly revealed to my vision as by the removal of a veil which all my life had obscured the true perception of objects, and clothed them with a delusive aspect, as when one looks through green spectacles; the true had taken the place of the false. Here were Nature's primal laws suddenly brought to my physical consciousness—revealed in all their truth and beauty. A feeling of exultation possessed my soul—exultation in the new power which the charmed drug had bestowed upon me—in the suddenly acquired superiority over my fellow beings, not only in physical perceptions, but also, it seemed to me, in the capacity to investigate the causes of all natural phenomena, to read, as it were, the book of the universe, unfettered by the restraints of the flesh. And not the least of my exultation was in this same freedom to roam at will through all space, to visit the remotest stars, to observe, as with the eyes of sense, the laws that controlled their motions, and solve the problems that for ages have perplexed humanity. In fact, no enterprise seemed beyond my present capacity—no truth, however subtle, beyond my grasp. Infinitude itself was within my ken, eternity a palpable, appreciable reality, and immortality but a hackneyed, every-day fact.

Presently, while revelling in such thoughts as these, one of my companions, taking up a guitar, commenced to play a lively air. Instantly the room was filled with a floating sheen of undulating bars, twisting, curving, crossing, and interlacing, yet each preserving its own identity, and all coursing through the air in harmonious, never-interfering motion. Each note, too, wore its own distinctive shade of color. The broad bars of the stately, ponderous bass, clothed in rich, deep shades

of purple and dark blue, ever closely accompanied by the sad, sweet alto in its orange velvet garb; above them the gay, glad soprano gliding swiftly along in fine lines of dazzling white, and in shorter curves, sharp, clear cut, and aggressive; while above all swept the soaring tenor, clad in azure and gold, which seemed ever reaching for some unattainable point, and at last drooped at their extremities as if in despair of reaching their goal; all formed a shifting, shimmering web of gorgeous dyes, which floated from wall to wall and from floor to roof, enveloping every object in its shining folds. And through all floated the mingled odors of Araby the Blest. Thus I could at the same time hear, see, and smell the delicious melody, till all the senses were intoxicated with delight.

Suddenly the musician changed the key and glided into a sad and melancholy air. On the instant a cloud swept visibly across all the floating bars, deepening and softening their shades, and retarding their motions to a stately sweep, while the odors faded away to a faint suggestion of withered flowers. Instantaneously, too, the effect of the music upon my mind changed. The notes, so redolent of sadness, carried me back like a flash of lightning to the past. Every withered hope, every disappointment and failure, every grief of boyhood, came clustering and crowding upon my memory, till my very soul seemed dissolving in tears. Yet, withal, the emotions were inexpressibly sweet and fascinating, so that I listened long enraptured.

In the midst of the strain, a single thought of the evening's conversation leaped into my mind. "Harmonics!" I exclaimed. "Give me some harmonics!"

He laid his fingers lightly across the strings and swept a full harmonic chord. Instantly every floating bar and line leaped high in air to its octave third or fifth, or its double octave, diminished almost infinitesimally in its breadth, and increased four-fold in the velocity

of its waves, and floated high above its forsaken prime, seeming to look down upon its former self as the echo calls back to its causal sound—a quivering, miniature semblance of the source from which it sprang.

The musician closed his performance by striking all the strings heavily in a jangling discord. The new notes sprang like angry serpents among the beautiful bars that filled the air, hurling them right and left in dire confusion, causing them, in their tangled and knotted struggles, to dissolve together, dissipating the bright colors till nothing remained before my vision but an angry, whirling, leaden cloud, each of whose fine, sharp needles seemed to pierce my very brain. The spicy odors, too, were scattered, and in their place arose the stench of the bottomless pit. I stamped and howled in agony, and it seemed ages before the effect passed away and left me again calm.

It was one of those clear, frosty November nights when the sky is literally crowded with stars whose brilliancy is intensified by the purity of the atmosphere. I seated myself by the window and turned my gaze upon the heavens, which were clothed in a splendor unknown to me before. To my supernatural vision the stars were magnified into rolling worlds. I could hear the hum of their eternal music, and trace their orbits as they bowled swiftly along through the realms of space, throwing off floods of reflected light on all sides in a glowing track behind them. As I gazed entranced upon their wondrous beauty and order, one of my companions took from the table a copy of Milton, and in measured accents began to read the passage describing the fall of Lucifer and his angels from Heaven. The effect upon my ear of the ideas and the rhythm was precisely the same—it was that of a strain of mighty music—a stately triumphal march, in exact unison with the motions of the glowing worlds above and around me, rising and falling with the inflections of the reader's voice, in mighty bounds

that covered miles of space. It was the march of the Universe, and I was a part of it. I could feel myself swept along in the stately procession, now borne high above the glittering worlds in the car of some soaring idea, now sinking gently downward into their marvellous effulgence upon the dying waves of sound. I fancied that with the eyes of sense I could see the flight of Time, and feel in every nerve and fibre the procession of the ages. "Now," I thought, "now for a journey to the *ultima thule* of space—a trip to the realms where as yet the light of worlds has never penetrated!"

The spell was broken, and I was recalled to earth by an exclamation of a friend who stood by my side looking out with me into the night—"Look at that meteor!"

At the sound of his first word, my eye caught sight of the long golden line upon the sky. But to me it was no meteor's track; for, even as he spoke, it seemed to me that the heavens had opened and a flood of light poured forth, illuminating the whole heavens, and dimming with its brightness the light of the most radiant star. I could see the gates of pearl swinging upon their golden hinges; I could see, within, the streets of shining gold and the walls of jasper with their foundations of precious stones, all gleaming in the glory-light of whose radiance unspeakable the brightest light of the material universe is but the faintest type—a spark to a sun. Anon, upon the ivory threshold appeared a shining form closely pursued by the Archangel with his flaming sword. It was the form of Lucifer, Son of the Morning, clad in robes of dazzling white, and bearing upon his head a crown of gold, upon the frontlet of which glowed a single star of surpassing effulgence. A moment he paused upon the threshold, then bounded madly downward into outer space, followed by the long train of fallen spirits who were to share his perdition. Quickly the pearly gates closed behind them, and shut out the

blaze of glory from the worlds below. But down, down, down, through millions of miles of darkness, far below the track of the most wandering comet, I could trace the fall of the long train of the damned by the streaming light of the single star that burned on Satan's forehead.

And now I felt myself one of that hell-bound train of the lost, borne swiftly downward, in spite of my struggles, in their fiendish company. One after another I saw their shining garments fall away from them, and their angelic beauty fade and wither and utterly change, till those who once were angels of light, became fiends of darkness—naked, distorted forms of demoniac ugliness. Fear and horror unspeakable took possession of my soul as I felt our downward progress, leaving worlds and systems and cycles of systems behind us in our more than lightning flight. The shadow of a great despair, inconceivable to the waking mind, enveloped me as with a cloud, shutting out all hope.

For ages, it seemed to me, we fell; and at last I beheld the door of the pit opening beneath us, and the smoke and steam of perdition arose, blinding and stifling me with its nauseous vapor. Down through the portals we swept into the region of everlasting fire, and I lay panting and groaning upon bars of white hot iron, burning and searing into my flesh, while with every breath I drew the curling flames into my lungs and poured them forth again unquenchable, unconsuming, yet scorching and blistering my very soul. "Alas!" I thought in my agony, "these others do but suffer the torture of the soul, while I endure the torments of both soul and body—the remorse of the spirit and the pains of the flesh!" Around me arose peal on peal of ribald laughter, mingled with curses, howlings, and blasphemy. Yet for me there was no speech. I felt that could I call upon the name of a single earthly friend—of one of those companions whose voices I could still hear, and

whose forms I could see far away in the apartment I had left—I could burst the spell that bound me there before my time. But the scorched tongue refused to move at my will, or the crackled lips to perform their office. "Oh, for a single word!"—I thought, and clutched madly at the flying cinders and leaping flames, as if in their fiery embrace I could grasp at the word that refused to come at my bidding.

For ages it seemed that I lay there writhing in torment; and at last, down through the cool, blue heavens that had mocked my gaze through the bars of my prison, came floating, in the form of a snow-white dove, the word I sought. Nearer and nearer it drew, and year after year rolled over my expectant soul as I watched it fluttering downward, till at last it alighted with a cooling influence upon my lips. And yet all this stretch of time was due to the expansive power of Hasheesh, since the real duration of the flight of the dove was but the breath consumed by one of my comrades—so far away, and yet close at my side—in pronouncing my own name. For, strangely enough, it was the sound of my own name that I heard; yet it loosed the

door of my lips, and I shouted the name of the friend whose lips pronounced it and who had stood by my side at the window, and screamed for water. A dash of the cool liquid upon my face—and I stood again by the window in my own room, and, snatching the pitcher from my friend's hand, drank long and deep, while my comrades stood around me with startled, anxious faces.

"Tell me, Tom," I asked, as I sank back weak and nerveless upon my seat, "how long is it since you saw the meteor?"

"Scarcely five minutes," he replied.

In that brief five minutes I had lived an age of beauty and a cycle of torment.

The visions came no more that night, and after an hour spent in detailing my experience to my comrades, as I closed the door behind the last of their retreating forms—"Farewell!" I exclaimed, "bewitching, accursed, angelic, hellish drug! for the first and the last time thou hast passed my lips! henceforth I will rest content with the pleasures which nature gives, and seek no more to tread the forbidden soil of hasheesh phantasy!"

Egbert Phelps.

THE PEOPLE AND THE RAILROADS.

THE railroad interest is an all-important one in all the civilized world, and is one of the most important subjects of legislation and popular consideration in the State of Illinois at the present time, by reason of its intimate relation to all our commercial interests. Some statistics taken from the lately-published report of the Secretary to the Railroad and Warehouse Commission of this State, will serve to show the magnitude of the interest. It appears that:

There are 5,490½ miles of railroad operated in this State; there are 1,208 miles in process of construction; that there is invested in the first number of miles about \$132,305,872.79; that the gross earnings for the railroads of this State for the year ending June 30, 1871, were \$34,974,381.78; and that there were 11,873,932,833 pounds of freight carried during the same period.

It was well said in the "Railroad Gazette" of December 16th, by Mr.

Huntington, that "there is no class of men of equal number and intelligence who receive so little benefit from the experience of others in their calling as do railroad men." Those engaged in the practical operation and management of railroads are the most reticent, not, however, from a want of a proper knowledge of the subject, nor on account of an inability to express themselves. Whatever the cause may be, they may explain themselves, with the least danger of being unjustly represented.

To those who have least examined the subjects in question, the difficulties are fewest; to those a little further along in the study, they seem insurmountable, and grow in magnitude, until the student comes to see that necessity requires a solution of the questions which *can* be arrived at by years of hard study and experiment. And at this stage of the development, suggestions and reasonings of every variety may be of value, if only they be based upon facts.

The railroads have already gained the mastery over the people, in having obtained from a State government, necessarily corrupt under the system of special legislation, charters which are unlimited as well as dangerous in the power which they grant to these corporations. The people, also, are just waking up to the discussion of these questions, which should have been thoroughly examined and decided in the outset, while the railroad companies have the experience and the experiments of the years to guide them. Thus it is that the questions presented are being generally discussed as if in court, in case *The People vs. The Railroads*. The people are asking the railroads for certain things, and are calling upon the State authorities to enforce their claims. The intolerance of the railroads, and the grievances of the people, are, without doubt, greatly exaggerated. The railroads are not nuisances, nor railroad men ravenous beasts. A fact antagonistic to the *ani-*

mus of a great many writers and public speakers of the day, is that the best interests of the people and of the railroads are identical. The labor of the honest legislators and of the executive officers of this State in this regard is to devise equitable laws with which the people and the railroad companies may move in unison for the greatest public good. The obstacles in the way are a conflicting mass of premature and unreasonable statutes and charters, and the results of the selfishness which they have fostered in the monopolies which they have created.

It is also a fact that *all that the people really desire is a regularity and a reasonableness in the rates of the railroads, which at present they do not enjoy to that extent which they should*. Regularity is a necessary concomitant of all successful action, permanence and stability being the measure of prosperity. Reason also should govern man in the exercise of all his powers, being second only to the divine revelation as an infallible rule of action.

I. Regularity in the rates of railroads implies, first, an absence of discriminations based upon items which are not matters of actual expense; and, secondly, an absence in those violent changes in the rates which make commercial transactions in which transportation figures to any extent mere matters of gambling guess-work.

1. The subject of discrimination has been more honestly considered by our legislature, our railroad commission, and our press, than any other branch of the question. The act of 1871, in relation to the transportation of freight, is faulty in not providing sufficient means for its enforcement, in prescribing too severe penalties, and in making the charges for each day of the year 1870, when there was a great irregularity in the rates, the *maximum* for each day of succeeding years. Yet it enunciates a sound principle, one which, if properly enforced, would afford the relief the people are seeking in a great degree, and it is thought that its consti-

tutionality cannot be questioned. The laws of Massachusetts, Ohio, and Michigan have nearly the same rule, but it is the most correctly stated in the act referred to. In the first section it is provided that "No railroad corporation organized or doing business in this State * * * * shall charge or collect for the transportation of goods, merchandise, or property, on its said road, for any distance, the same nor any larger or greater amount, as toll or compensation, than is, at the same time, charged or collected for the transportation of similar quantities of the same class of goods, merchandise, or property over a greater distance upon the same road. * * * * Nor shall any such railroad corporation charge or collect for the transportation of goods, merchandise, or property, over any portion of its road, a greater amount as toll or compensation, than shall be charged or collected by it for the transportation of similar quantities of the same class of goods, merchandise, or property, over any other portion of its road of equal distance," thus establishing charges in every case the same for equal distances as well as no greater charge for a less distance. The distance which freight in general is carried bears a ratio to the expense incurred, and therefore discriminations should be made upon this basis. Also the expense necessarily incurred varies with the kind of articles transported, and proper discriminations should be made upon this basis. But it is a criminal usurpation of power on the part of railroad corporations, to establish discriminations in the rates of their charges which are not based upon differences in the expense actually incurred. Examples of the violation of this principle are numerous. During the summer and fall, a car-load of flour could be taken from a point 120 miles east of St. Louis to St. Louis and re-shipped from there to New York for less money than it could be taken from the original starting point directly to New York, though going by the same

lines in both instances. In the month of November, a phaeton-buggy was brought from a point in the State of New York through Chicago to Springfield, Illinois, for more than four dollars less than it could be brought from Chicago to Springfield. And it has been truly said by one of the Railroad Commissioners of our State, "One of two things must be true, either the through rates from the seaboard to the places indicated are greatly too low to be remunerative, or the local rates from Chicago to the same points, and for transporting products from these points to Chicago, are oppressive and extortionate. If the former be true, then the loss upon the transportation of through freights, at least so far as the roads of this State participate therein, must be made up by excessive charges upon local transportation; and the latter is therefore charged, not only with its reasonable cost, but also with the burden of the loss occasioned by an unjust discrimination against Chicago in favor of its rival seaboard cities.

"Although primarily the injury thus occasioned may be said to be borne by the commercial and manufacturing community of Chicago, and other points of distribution in the interior, yet ultimately the losses thus occasioned fall upon the consumer of the goods, and upon the producer, whose property is charged excessive prices for transportation in seeking markets, to make good the losses occasioned by such unremunerative rates."

But it is said that this discrimination increases the business at competing points, causing a rapid and wonderful growth, such as from the solitary fort in the marshy swamp at the foot of the lake to the magnificent metropolis which Chicago grew to be in less than two score of years. It must be remembered, however, that the fewest middle men possible between the producer and the consumer is recognized as a principle of political economy. Without doubt, increased demands are made upon the country producer by

the increase in the business of the broker; but the two points I attempt to maintain are, first, that the increase in the demands upon the producer by the merchant are not commensurate with the natural growth of the producer's business in case the full facilities of the railroad were enjoyed by him; and, secondly, that this discrimination which throws the business of a road to its terminal points increases the cost of production to the amount of the profits of the broker or wholesale merchant, which increase comes out of the pocket of the consumer without the least possible benefit to anyone. "Without the least possible benefit to anyone"; for there should be no more brokers and merchants than the natural and most economical transaction of business requires; and the railroads do not fare as well as if a regular and reasonable rate were charged for their whole line and for every part thereof. This argument, carried out, necessitates the establishment of a *minimum* rate, which will again be referred to.

Again: the arguments in favor of this discrimination could be met by saying that concentrations, large consolidations, great monopolies, and unnatural inflations, are pernicious to every commercial interest when viewed from the standpoint of "the greatest good to the greatest number."

This discrimination, pernicious as it is, is the only vestige left of what was, for a short time only, a healthy competition. Competition does not exist in this State, except for a very short period of time, in any case, and is then generally caused by personal conflicts of railroad men, which results in throwing so much the greater power into the hands of him who is victorious; consolidation being more frequently the result than the pooling of the earnings. For purposes of State policy, and especially in Illinois, competition is of no avail.

2. A regularity in railroad rates implies a regularity as between different

days. The fluctuations in the freight charges during 1869 and 1870 between New York and Chicago were from five dollars to thirty-seven dollars per ton, and between New York and St. Louis from seven dollars to forty-six dollars per ton. The Erie Railroad in 1869 carried freight to Chicago at as low rates as two dollars per ton, and from this bounded to thirty-seven dollars per ton. During the month of September, 1871, a firm of dealers who were shipping grain in large quantities over the Illinois Central Railway, by a change in the rates, made one morning by telegraph, were suddenly bereft of a large capital and a flourishing business, and thrown into bankruptcy. This sudden and violent changing of the rates of freight tariffs makes all commercial transactions subjects for gambling guess-work, just in proportion as the prices current depend upon the cost of transportation. It is impossible to keep the rates constantly the same; but a *maximum* and a *minimum* rate, based upon the actual expense incurred, should be established, which would keep them within reasonable limits.

II. In order that reason may be an element in the rates of railroads, many things are required besides mere regularity. The demands are many, and a few of the more prominent only can be mentioned in this connection, and that too briefly.

1. Roads should be constructed upon a more economical basis, and not with such "wide margins." It is a fact that in almost every road that is built, premiums are paid upon the ingenuity of contractors to make a big bargain, by which contractors and sub-contractors and sub-sub-contractors are profited by one piece of work. Hence the swindling which is connected with the building of new roads, and the swamping of those men who are minor holders of the first stock, those who furnish the first cash capital.

2. Roads should be more economically, yes, more honestly managed.

The stealing which is made most public—that of conductors—is one of the least of the sins of railroad management. There is no excuse for the dishonesty which railroad officials and employes practice, and which deserves a full showing. It may be justly said that railroad officials have not been more dishonest than others acting in a like capacity of agents, but it may be feared that in this regard they are not keeping pace with the age of reform.

3. There should be a fixed *maximum* of tariff for the transportation of passengers and freight. The question by what power this shall be fixed, is disputed. But it must, sooner or later, be done, and therefore "reasoning from the eternal fitness of things," there is a way to do it, and the first work to be done is to find this way, by study and experimentation. There are legal questions of immense magnitude involved, as, whether the legislature had the right to grant the unlimited power seemingly granted by the charters of the railroads of our State to fix their own rates; whether the legislature had received this right from the people; whether these charters are in the nature of contracts in general; whether they come within that class of contracts which the United States Constitution says shall not be impaired by State law; whether arguments of necessity and equity cannot be brought to bear upon these questions in favor of the people, etc., etc.

4. That there should be a fixed *minimum* rate is a bare question which is disputed, and which cannot receive the discussion in this connection which it merits. It is to be accomplished by the same power as is the fixed *maximum* rate, and its object would be, in the first place, to cut off one extreme of competition, and in the second place, to protect new enterprises from the crushing grasp of older corporations, one of whose objects has been and always will be to constitute itself a monopoly. For instance, the Chicago and Alton, and the Illinois Central are competing lines, and could by agreement, and

probably would at a slight provocation, cripple, yes, kill, the Gilman, Clinton and Springfield line, which runs parallel with and between the two former lines, were it not for the fact that the latter was a branch of and protected by a larger combination than the former two consolidated. The possibility of such an event being the result of personal war of railroad men, or of any other cause, should be removed.

5. The charges in all cases should be commensurate with the actual expense. Railroading has come to be such a science that the actual expense is not a matter of estimate or approximation, but of almost absolute certainty; and the charges should be fixed accordingly in the *maximum* and *minimum* rates before mentioned. This is an indefinite hint to a basis of classification of the roads, which has been a fruitless search on the part of our present legislature. No more equitable basis could be found than that of the warrantable expense incurred.

6. The watering of stock and the capitalizing of earnings, as now practiced, is a ridiculous exhibition of cupidity. For a recent discussion of these questions the reader is referred to the report of the Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners of this State, where it is said, "These additional issues of stock, or stock dividends, as they are called, are made upon the pretext usually that they represent earnings of the roads which have been capitalized in improving its condition and enlarging its capacity for business. In some instances this may be partially true, but it is also true that the necessity for such enlargements and improvements mainly arises from the imperfect condition of the roads at the time they were called completed; therefore, until such imperfections shall have been made good by the expenditure of a sum out of the earnings of the roads equal to the amount of the stock fictitiously issued in the first instance, and all dividends paid thereon, together with interest, not even a plausible ground can exist for making

stock dividends to represent what is claimed to be capitalized earnings. The truth is, that in the cases alluded to, the earnings have been capitalized years before they were made. Thus it will be seen that the *fictitious capital*, and not the real money employed in the construction of the roads, is mainly benefited by a practice of the theory of capitalizing earnings."

7. The older roads should not be made to construct new ones out of their profits. If the Chicago and Alton Company is making money enough out of its main line and Jacksonville branch to construct a new Kansas line without the actual employment of additional cash capital, plainly its charges on its main line and Jacksonville branch are in the nature of extortions, and should be reduced.

Some of the demands then, that reason makes of the railroad companies are, that the construction should be carried on upon a more economical basis; that the management of roads should be more economical and honest; that there should be a fixed *maximum* rate of tariff; that there should be a fixed *minimum* rate of tariff; that the last two items should be fixed upon the basis of, and the charges in all cases commensurate with, the actual expense; the employment of fictitious capital should be abandoned, and the construction of new lines out of the earnings of older ones should not be attempted.

With two suggestions concerning the enforcement of the principles and laws above enunciated, these questions will be left for the present.

It is impossible to make a rigid and absolute classification of the railroads with reference to the rates to be imposed, that shall work justice to all the corporations. There must be, of necessity, a liberal latitude for discretion on the part of the officers having in charge the execution of the laws. It is an insult to the State and its citizens, which honest men should not entertain, to argue the danger of corruption in the department using this discretion. Let the

Railroad and Warehouse Commission be allowed a reasonable discretion in their dealings with the several railroads, and thus, and thus only, under the present arrangements for the enforcing of the laws, can justice be done to the new and old roads alike. The discussion of the reasonableness of the Commissioners' actions would rest, of course, with the courts, and thus would the officers having in charge the carrying out of the laws be able to discharge their duties wisely, and not by an unjust, arbitrary rule, nor would they possess an absolute or dangerous power.

Finally. Some legislation of a national character is necessary to carry out the foregoing principles. In the case of roads running only in this State this State should have sole jurisdiction. But in the case of roads running into from one to five other States also, a kind of national legislation is required, and is positively necessary to the carrying out of the State laws. The Illinois Central Railroad will evade the laws by appeals, procrastinations, and evasions of all kinds, just as long as the *whole line* of those roads running east from St. Louis, with whom it competes for Eastern traffic, are not subject to the same laws. Again, the corporations doing business in this State, for the purpose of classification, should be taken as a whole, as one body with a certain income, and with certain expenses, and classified accordingly. If the road runs into two or more States, the nature of the corporation and of the classification intended is not changed, and if their gross earnings is the basis, then the roads should be classified upon their entire gross earnings. It follows plainly, that if a classification is politic and necessary in one State, it is so in another; and the question is as to the most feasible mode of effecting this. It cannot be done by Congress without an infringement upon constitutional State rights. Concurrent legislation by the several States upon the railroad questions of the day is therefore necessary, but still the question of the man-

ner of effecting this is an open one. A plan that it is thought is original with this article, yet proposed in honest earnestness, is for the appointment by the several States, of Railroad Commissions similar to the Boards now existing in Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, who shall meet in a congress to consider those railroad questions which are subject to State legislation; to prepare a general railroad law which shall do away with special and unjust legislation;

to determine a common and equitable basis for a classification, if possible, and to arrive at the best conclusions possible concerning all the railroad questions now before the several State legislatures, in order that the day may speedily come when the horse that is harnessed with iron and fed with fire, and his owners, may not be in any sense whatever an enemy or an oppressor of the people, but when peace and profit may attend the progress of all our public interests.

J. H. Raymond.

STEVE BOGGINS'S COURTSHIP.

ABOUT a year ago, business connected with a certain prospective line of railroad brought me to the little village or hamlet of Gopherton. Not a noted locality by any means, lying as it does in the very heart of a Louisiana pine forest, forty miles from any navigable stream, and more than that distance from any town. An unmitigated backwoods place, given to tar and coal kilns (its principal sources of revenue), to bad whiskey and to drunken rows.

A traveller passing through the place would be very apt to wonder why there should be a Gopherton at all. As a general rule, the site of a town is chosen in view of some real or fancied advantage; but here the pines are scrubber and the sand deeper than in any spot within ten miles. The neighborhood is sparse and poor, and unless it was for the benefit of Turkey Creek, which runs back of the village, I am sure the liveliest imagination would fail to see why the early settlers chose that locality.

We have heard that the founder of the place was an enterprising Yankee, who, noting the thirsty character of the neighborhood, set up a grog-shop on the banks of the creek. Of course, in

a short time he had a rival in trade. Around these two grogeries clustered a blacksmith's shop to mend the broken cart-wheels which every drunken spree was sure to bring to the anvil—a doctor's office, the tenant of which made an easy living, and about a dozen or two log houses of composite style of architecture. Altogether, the place was considered of sufficient importance to find a local habitation and a name on the parish map of St. L.—

I took up my abode in a farm-house about a mile from the village. The occupants were in better circumstances than their neighbors, and everything around them had a thriving, comfortable look. The old man was a shrewd, energetic fellow, who raised poultry for the New Orleans market in large quantities, and made better corn crops and had a finer stock than any one in the pine bottoms. His wife, "Sairy," as he called her, was a worthy helpmeet. Such an eternal spinning and weaving bright-colored cottonades, such milking, churning, scrubbing, and general perpetual motion, makes me dizzy even to recall it.

But the old woman's greatest recreation was to wash and polish her "cha-

ney." Three long shelves in the best room were filled with the gaudiest gilt and flowered delf—all belonging to different sets, but all equally stunning in general effect—the accumulations of the whole period of her married life, wonderfully preserved. To be sure, some of the pitchers were noseless, and some cups without handles; but these damages were turned towards the wall. Every day, armed with feather duster, Mrs. Boggins tenderly and reverentially would move each piece, dust it, and then stand off to admire the effect.

"It sorter does me a heap of good," she said to me one day; "all them red and yaller flowers, and them gold stars, seems to strike right into my heart, and make it monstrous lively."

A very good commentary, I thought, upon the philosophy of color. Here was this ignorant backwoods woman illustrating a truth which our *savans* find difficult to commend to the popular palate.

But all the prosperity of the farm, and the phalanx of "chaney," could not keep trouble from the Boggins household. There was, as I soon found out, a skeleton in it.

This skeleton took the form of a stalwart young fellow of about six feet two inches in height—the only child and heir of the old couple; frank-faced, open-eyed, with a loud, hearty voice, and an irresistible flow of spirits.

People who live within the confines of civilization, keep their skeletons under lock and key. In the backwoods your hosts would think themselves sadly deficient in hospitality if they did not at once admit you into the "penetralia" of their troubles.

I had not been twenty-fours hours in the Boggins household when Mrs. B. remarked confidentially, "You see our Steve is miltly sot upon Tilda Ray what lives t'other side Turkey Creek. She's a monstrous poor gal, and aint much account nohow, I reckon, at real hard work. She's jest a little snip of a thing, and his Pa and me has sot our foot down on it forever and ever."

Farmer Boggins growled, "No beggar's brat shall tech my substance, what I have toiled and moiled for. Steve will jest make his choice twixt this here farm and that thar gal."

Steve, whistling cheerily in the yard, heard enough of the above dialogue to finish it that evening when we went bird hunting.

"The old man may talk, and the old woman may scold; but jest look here"—baring his arm, as large and sinewy as a young giant's—"do you think a young feller with this bone and muscle is a goin' to squat down with his finger in his mouth, and give up the gal he loves and who's promised to him, for a few dirty acres? No, sir-ree. I aint afeard of the hardest day's work that ever was laid off. I can make a livin' for Tilda without thankee to anybody. I reckon, though," (and his anger ended in a hearty laugh,) "that I'll manage some way to get my gal and the farm too!"

About sunset the following evening, I was sitting in the porch of the farmhouse, listening to the eternal monotone of the pines, which brought back sad memories of sea waves breaking on a low sandy beach, when my attention was suddenly attracted to the queer movements of Mrs. Boggins. The little womaa (she was a small, dried-up specimen) was mounted on a chair, peering towards the road, hardly visible from the house. The chair was not high enough, so she climbed on the banisters; apparently with no better success, for she scrambled down, trotted to the smoke-house, a few yards off, and to my astonishment I next saw her standing on the roof, shading her eyes from the setting sun, and gazing intently towards Gopherton.

The farmer at that moment rode into the yard.

"What on airth, Sairy, are you a doin' up thar?" he cried, in astonishment.

"It's that dratted Steve!" she called out. "He's rode towards Turkey Creek, and I wanted to see ef he was a

goin' to visit that gal. I see him a comin' back along that road, and I'll fix him when he gits here. *That* I will, forever and ever."

She slid down, and, very red and very angry, was standing on the porch when Steve rode up. He did not await the bursting of the storm which he saw in the two angry faces before him. He called out, in his loud cheery voice:

"Dad, I'm goin' right off to hitch up the carryall, to take you and Ma to Gopherton. Great doin's there to-night!"

"Gopherton!" snarled the old man, divided between curiosity, and rage at his son's audacity, "I reckon it won't see me. I aint got the time, like some folks, to go gallivantin', with cotton a wastin' in the field."

"But you must go. There's a man goin' to lecture on sperits. He'll bring up ghosts to move the tables, and write messages from dead folks. Folks says he sees 'em, too. Oh, he does lots of things, and makes you what he calls a mejim, and then the sperits will talk to you, too."

"Do tell!" ejaculated the old woman, with open mouth, and eyes full of awed astonishment. The scolding she intended giving Steve was entirely forgotten. Mr. Boggins, quite as much impressed as his better half, nevertheless asserted his manly superiority by an incredulous sniff, and a "Do n't be a fool, old woman. Do you let that boy throw meal in your eyes that way?"

"But, Mr. Boggins," I said, coming to Steve's assistance, "if you have really never heard anything of Spiritualism, I can assure you it's worth listening to. Why, it's wonderful. Every one is talking of it now-a-days. You had better go. It will give you something to think of the rest of your lives."

Boggins looked a little puzzled.

"If you say it aint a humbug, I'd like to go. In here we don't have a chance to hear nothin'; but then it aint clar to my mind that I ought to go. I'm a church member, and dealin' with sperits is clean contrary to Bible teachin's."

There was a half-forgotten legend in Gopherton that thirty years back there had been a great Baptist revival at Turkey Creek. Whether the grace of the occasion had waned, or the circuit preachers had neglected the impecunious field, it is certain the "meetin' house" was used much oftener for secular than for sacred purposes. The community had originally been "Hard Shell Baptists," but after all these years of neglect they were like Crustaceans that have shed the original crust, and were not fitted with any other covering.

Mr. Boggins being somewhat more moral than his neighbors, and a sometime Bible reader to boot, held on to an imperfectly remembered creed. So when he said, "It's clean contrary to Bible teachin's, and Baptist teachin's too, I reckon," he looked appealingly to me, as much as to say, "Is it?"

Having little acquaintance with "Baptist teachin's," I was not prepared to answer that portion of his question; nor, with the exception of the "Witch of Endor," and a general warning against "blind leaders" and a special one against "false prophets," could I remember a text of Scripture which forbids a man to join a spiritual *seance*. So I told Mr. Boggins; and he, very willing to believe, muttered:

"Seein' aint believin', by a long jump."

In a very short time we were all jogging in the carryall to Gopherton. As we passed carts and nondescript vehicles travelling the same way, for the same object, Mrs. Boggins kept up a running commentary on the people in them and their belongings.

"Jest look at that shiftless Ike Loomis!" as we drove by an old backless buggy. "See his gearin's, all tied up with rotten ropes! Somethin' or other is forever breakin' about that man—always has, and always will be, forever and ever."

I felt like saying "amen" to Mrs. Boggins' favorite expression. Ike Loomis himself looked like a makeshift. Whiskey-bloated and sodden-faced,

the bestial figure seemed a link between man and the brute creation. Suddenly a light wagon, with a stout red-faced woman, and tall sawn one, passed us. Mrs. Boggins fairly gasped for breath as they nodded back at her.

"What did you let 'em pass for, Steve? We had the road, and we ought to keep it. And what in creation is Mary Anne Loomis and Lizer Carnes a doin' in Jackson's wagon? Why did n't Mary Anne ride in the buggy with Ike?"

"Ask her yourself," said Mr. Boggins irately. "What are you tarrifyin' yourself 'bout other folks's business? I reckon ef you war Ike Loomis's wife you would n't be so fond of ridin' long-side the old whiskey barrel. He has a bad habit, has Ike, of gettin' spilt by the roadside; and I reckon Mary Anne do n't care 'bout jinin' him in a tumble."

It was nearly dark when we reached Gopherton. The "meetin' house" was dimly lighted by tallow dips, and filled to overflowing. We got a seat just behind our friends of the road, Mary Anne and Lizer — the former rejoicing in a cone-shaped straw hat and red ribbons, only a hue lighter than her face; the latter with a long calico sun-bonnet, which served alternately as fan and pocket-handkerchief. By turns she fanned and mopped, and when excited would cast the bonnet on her head and tie it with a snap which threatened to dislocate her scrawny neck.

There was a little bustle, and the lecturer appeared on the platform. At a glance I saw that he was no shrewd imposter, but one of those blind fanatics who throw themselves with mad enthusiasm into the wildest doctrines. Tall and thin, with a narrow forehead, and eyes full of gloomy fire, the man impressed me as a type of the old zealots who, through the torture of the rack and the stake, upheld triumphantly their own belief.

Without any preamble he plunged at once into his subject: "Why should you be kept in ignorance of the great

Truth of the Age because you are far from the world's thoroughfares? Moving on day after day, in the same miserable drudgery, has it ever occurred to you that there is a world of spirits around you?"

A nudge from Mary Anne, and a stage whisper in Lizer's ear: "I reckon ef he lived as close to Sim Bates's groggery as me, he would n't have asked that question."

"Yes," continued the orator; "the spirits have led me to you that you may learn to know them, and through them the great Evangel which is sent to bless the nations of the earth."

"Show 'em to us, Mister!" cried a lank, smutty-faced kiln-burner, who stood near the platform. "Jest show 'em to us, and we'll believe all you've got to say."

The speaker glared angrily at the dirty incredulous Thomas. It was his first experience of a Gopherton audience. Had he been here before, he would have known that these pine woods chaps were much given to interruptions of that nature. In fact, a speech always merged into a social conversation between speaker and hearers. They contended that in a free country one man had as much right to talk as another, and sometimes they have been known to out-talk the men who came to enlighten them on the issues of the day.

Just as the Spiritualist had taken up the thread of his broken discourse, there was a stir at the door, and Mary Anne, ribbons and all, bent forward to look.

"Goodness sakes!" she cried aloud; "ef thar aint my drotted old man, jest as drunk!" And she raised herself in her seat and shook her fist menacingly at the stupefied oaf who was balancing himself with difficulty on the threshold. He did not seem to heed her, but smiled cunningly, and moving his stick playfully forward, cried out:

"I aint a bit afeard, Mary Anne!"

She made a rush forward, flattening me up in my corner as she dashed on.

Lizer, sun-bonnet and all, was capsized on the floor, where she snapped her bonnet strings two or three times before rising, and Mary Anne fairly plunged her way to the door, pounced upon the delinquent, and unresistingly dragged him back to her old seat.

"Now you jest squat down thar!" she said, viciously pushing him down on a little stool at her feet, where he could see nothing but the tops of the benches. "I aint a goin' to lose the speechifyin' for you, and I aint a goin' to let you disturb the congregation, *yon* drunken devil. Lizer, you jist help me keep him straight!"

He seemed too far gone to make any other protest against his situation than by lurching first against the lap of one woman and then against the other. Each in turn would give his head such a crack that I had a sympathetic headache for hours afterwards. The sharp snap of the bonnet strings was unnerving to listen to, and Lizer's face was fast presenting the appearance of a criminal who was undergoing the last penalty of the law.

During this little interlude, the discourse from the platform went on, with a good many hitches from the inquisitive audience. Mr. and Mrs. Boggins sat silent and open-mouthed during the discourse, and when the usual manifestations began, moved off to a front bench to get a nearer view. I had seen that King of Spiritualists, Home, float through an open window; I had assisted to bind those clever charlatans, the Davenport Brothers, in their magic cabinet; I had taken part in "seances" of every kind and degree; and the edge of my curiosity about these spiritual marvels was somewhat worn away. So I amused myself in watching the motley crowd around me. Tables had been rapped and chairs moved. My friend Mr. Boggins, who made one of a magic circle, had written a variety of communications from deceased inhabitants of Gopherton. In fact, he was discovered to be a "powerful mejum,"

though, watching him closely, I thought a rather shaky one. A tall, awkward youth, clad in walnut-dyed homespun, lounged through the crowd and took his seat among the "mejums." "Is that my son Tommy Loomis there?" cried Mary Anne at the top of her voice. "Does that old fool think I'm goin' to let my Tommy go and be conjured? For the Lord's sake, Lizer, stand on the edge of that stool and look and see if that really *is* my Tommy. I darsn't leave hold of this drunken fool to get up and see."

The obliging Lizer mounted and peered over. But the "drunken fool" had retained sense enough to enjoy a joke, and as Lizer raised herself on tip-toe on his seat, he quietly slid off. Her balance was lost, there was a kind of shooting forward, a loud scream, and before we had time to move, the bench on which Steve and I were sitting was cast with violence to the ground.

I hardly know how I extricated myself; but in the midst of the confusion I heard distinctly the parting snap of Lizer's bonnet strings, as some pitying neighbors helped her to the door, and saw Mary Anne's hat turned back part before, and her wrathful face, as she followed a very limp bundle some men were conveying out of the "meetin' house."

I wondered at the calmness of the Spiritualist during this noisy interlude. As soon as quiet was restored, his deep sonorous voice rose in emphatic tones:

"You asked me just now to show you the spirits. I can at least show you their handiwork. You saw that miserable toper carried out of the door. Probably you think it is by his own will that the poisonous draught is commended to his lips. No; it is the work of evil spirits. Invisible to your eyes, but real tangible beings, shape his will and hold the cup to his lips. They move the hand in murder; they wag the tongue in scandal. Every bad thought is suggested by them; in every evil act they have their portion. They

are the real demoniac possession the Scriptures tell us of."

"Hallelujah!" cried a voice in the crowd. "Then it wan't Lige Potter's fault he stole Widder Wilkins tin pail!"

"Shut up, you tarnation fool!" growled another. "I'll be dogoned ef I do n't b'lieve you or Lige Potter has sperited away my jack-plane!"

In the twinkling of an eye the two men clenched, and a scuffle ensued, in the midst of such a babel of sounds that the whole assembly seemed to be taking part in it. Steve touched my arm. "It's goin' to be a free fight," he said, "and I reckon you nor me aint got any interest in it. You git out as fast as you can, and I'll bring along the old folks."

I took his advice; but by the time I reached the threshold something like order was being restored in the Pandemonium. The irrepressible lecturer stood patiently waiting until his voice could be heard.

I could not help thinking, as I looked back at him, that it was a pity his earnestness, patience, and power of will could not be brought to bear upon some of the real issues of life. Face to face with a mysterious force of nature, which we have not yet learned to guide or understand, this man at once accepted it as the means of solving the great problem of life.

The "old folks," or Steve himself, were very hard to dislodge, for at least half an hour elapsed before they made their appearance. I preferred the pleasant night outside, to the heat, noise, and pressure within, and the waiting did not seem very long to me. When at last they emerged with the rest of the audience, they seemed strangely silent and quiet. We rode on for some distance without a word being exchanged, when suddenly the old farmer brought his hand down heavily upon the side of the vehicle.

"I do n't understand it," he said. "Somethin' seemed to hold my hand in a tight grip, and move it over the paper. I writ down things I never did think of in my born days, Sairy."

"Sairy" was too far gone in awed astonishment to do more than groan. But Boggins's natural shrewdness struggled hard against credulity.

"It 'pears to me," he continued, "it's a mighty loose doctrine if you do n't know where it's goin' to land you. Aint got no heft in it, as I can see. The sperits do n't give you no satisfaction no how."

Another acquiescing grunt from "Sairy."

"I b'lieves in it all," uttered Steve, in such a hollow, sepulchral tone that I turned and looked at his face, plainly visible in the moonlight. It was drawn down, and his eyes upturned in a very queer manner.

"Yes, I b'lieves in every word about the bad sperits holdin' a feller, and makin' him do all kinds of wicked things. The man said, too, good sperits mout fight agin the bad, and conquer, and the good sperits of other people, ef they was nigh us, might help us. I reckon, Dad, you and Ma there aint got any good sperits, for you was jam up against me, and yet I jest felt like I would like to choke old man Washton."

"Sakes alive!" cried his terrified mother. "O Steve, what's come to you! A good, well-behavin' ole man like Tim Washton."

"I do n't know what's come to me. I reckon the devils got in when that conjuror made me lay my hands on the table. I do n't feel like myself."

All this said in an indescribably gloomy manner. The farmer looked at his son uneasily, and the unhappy mother would have lifted up her voice and wept aloud if the jolting of the carryall had allowed it. As it was, she uttered one or two squeaks, and an unlimited quantity of "Merciful Heavens!" until we reached the farm.

I went immediately to my room, feeling somewhat uneasy about the young man. Spiritualism is given to unsettling the mind of its votaries, and here had I been instrumental in exposing this family to its influence. As Steve passed my door I called him in.

"I am truly grieved to find," I began; but was interrupted by a burst of laughter.

"You do n't tell me you b'lieves like the old folks!" he said. "Jest keep dark, and you'll see some fun, I reckon. I aint goin' to tell you the whys and the wherefores, but you'll find out." And putting his finger to his lips, he marched out, leaving me considerably relieved.

About midnight I was awakened by a terrible fall in Steve's room, which adjoined mine; then a crash as if the house was tumbling about my ears. I jumped up, and into such of my clothing as lay at hand, and running out of the room, met the old couple on their way to the scene of action. As we opened the door, there sat Steve in the middle of the floor, overturned chairs and tables around him, and a large looking-glass shattered on the floor.

"Gracious sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Boggins, rushing forward; "my best looking-glass, what I've had for thirty year!"

"What in thunder do you mean, Steve?" cried the irate farmer.

There sat the Destroyer, grim and stern,—nothing violent or maniacal about him,—fully conscious of the mischief he had done, but powerless in the hands of an evil Fate. Quite an impressive tableau.

"It's no use talkin'," he said, mournfully; "no use at all. Them sperits has got hold on me, and I'm bound to bat my brains out agin the wall ef they tell me to do it."

An awful "Hoo, hoo!" from his mother, and an "Oh, Steve, what kin we do?"

"Hold my hands, you and Dad," he said, "when I feel 'em risin' in me. Maybe you have got some good sperits. Hold 'em now, right off!"

Each seized a hand. He wrenched from them, and running to the bedstead, tore it apart and threw the posts on the floor.

"His own blessed grandma's bedstead!" shouted Mrs. Boggins. "Oh!

have I lived to see this? My own son! and all the fixin' and carpentering on them posts, and the quilts all quilted; and to have bad sperits a-tearin' and a-rendin' at his innards and my bedstead! Oh Steve, Steve, my poor unfortunate son!" And she fell on a seat, overcome with grief.

Steve's strength was somewhat spent by this time.

"I reckon they're about done now," he said, dejectedly. "Maybe they'll come back sometime, but perhaps by that time some good sperits will be around. I kin mend your bedstead, Ma, as good as new; but what's goin' to make me the man I was?"

"I'll send for that confounded spirit man to-morrow," growled the farmer. "Ef he put 'em in, I reckon he can put 'em out."

"He went away right after the lecture," said Steve.

"There's old Mam Darly," said Mrs. B., joyfully. "Ef there's an angel on arth it's that ooman. I'll send for her fust thing to-morrow. Ef anybody has got a good spirit in these diggins, old Mam Darly is that one."

"Hem, hem!" and Steve did not look as much pleased as he ought to have been. "I hope she has; but I'm mitley afeard old Mam Darly's spirit will be monstrous weak. She's very old, aint she?"

"Nigh on to eighty year, I reckon. Ef she don't do, we'll try the whole settlement, Steve. Do n't give up, my boy," said his father, cheerily. "Go to bed, and to-morrow we'll do somethin' for you."

"Don't you think Steve is cracked?" he whispered to me as we went out. "I'm afeard the boy is regular crazy."

"I don't know," I answered, evasively; "but, Mr. Boggins, humor him if you wish a cure."

He shook his head ominously as he left me. Steve's "spirit" game had n't imposed upon him, but serious fears as to his sanity were aroused.

Of course "Ole Mam Darly" was at the breakfast-table next morning.

Steve ate his meal moodily and in silence, every now and then answering the venerable "angel's" questions with a snarl. As he rose, his mother and "Ole Mam Darly" rose too, and followed closely at his heels.

"You aint a-goin' in the field," said Mrs. Boggins, "this blessed day."

It was probably not in Steve's programme to be followed about by two old women, so he turned around like a baited bull.

"What do you want me to do? Sit down and twiddle my fingers? I've got business in Gopherton this mornin'."

"I'll do it for you," said his father, coming up. "You aint well, and you jest stay quiet in the house."

Steve had no resource, so entering the best room, he threw himself sulkily on a couch.

Mrs. Boggins went cheerily about her morning's work, very much assisted by the mild twaddle of her ancient visitor. I was seated on the gallery, poring over a chart of the parish, and wonderfully bothered by the names of certain localities, when a very pretty girl walked up; a fragile-looking little creature enough, with a shy, deprecating look in her soft gray eyes.

Mrs. Boggins, who was sweeping away cobwebs for dear life, with a yellow bandanna bound round her head, turned around sharply as she heard the girl's step.

"Is that you, Tilda Ray?" she said coldly, not even offering her hand or ceasing her work. "What's brought you up here so early this morning?"

The girl's face grew crimson at the tone.

"I came because mother had no one else to send," she said, in a low voice. "She's done the quilt she was makin' for you, and she says please send for it this evening."

"And why on arth"—began Mrs. Boggins, when a loud crash was heard in the best room.

"Oh Lordy!" she shrieked, dropping the broom and rushing to the place; but before she reached it, another and

another crash. She entered, followed by us all; and what a sight before her! One large pitcher lay shivered; cups and saucers in fragments; a flowered bowl was in the hands of Steve, which he held high above his head, and then threw down with violence. The cherished "chaney," the pride of Mrs. B's heart, was in a fair way of being totally demolished. Some ladies would have fainted, or had hysterics, in that venerable matron's position. She did neither. She gave an Indian whoop, a mad clutch at the hair on the top of her head, executed a kind of war dance, and backed right up against me, snapping her fingers.

"The Lafayette pitcher!" she yelled (it had a picture of that venerable patriot on it); "the sunflower cups, (snap, snap,) and oh, great Masters! he's got holt of General Jackson mug! Oh, Mam Darly, take a holt and see if he won't stop!" and the snapping of her fingers, like castanets, kept time to her distracted ejaculations.

Mam Darly, nothing loth, tottered forward; but, as Steve had foretold, her "sperit" was too weak for the emergency. The "Gineral Jackson" mug came down, nearly hitting her poor old head in its descent. She got out of the way in a hurry. Mrs. Boggins was at her wits' end, when her eye lighted on Tilda Ray, who had come in with the others, and stood looking at her lover with fear and pained wonder in her soft eyes.

"Come here," she cried, seizing her by the arm and dragging her forward. "Take holt of his hand, and see ef your sperit can help him any."

A miracle! At the girl's trembling touch, the young giant gently laid down the bowl he held, and passed his hand over his forehead like one awaking from a trance.

"So I did all that,"—looking at the *débris* before him. "I'm sorry, Ma, but it wan't my fault. When Mam Darly touched me, you see, it seemed like somethin' told the rendin' sperit to git out."

"It wa n't Mam Darly," said his mother, rather crossly.

He pretended to recover his consciousness all at once, and looked at the girl beside him.

"Oh, I see, 'twas Tilda. Well, it's certain as you stand thar, it's Tilda Ray's sperit that can conquer all the devils in me!"

Mrs. Boggins received the communication somewhat austerely; but I noticed her farewell to the girl was much warmer than her greeting. When she left, Steve subsided again into his moody melancholy. As soon as Boggins returned, there was a long conference between the old couple, which I saw that rascal Steve watching out of the corner of his eye.

The result, as the farmer told me that night, was a consent to the marriage of the lovers.

"As fur that nonsense about sperits and a holdin' of hands, that the ole ooman b'lieves in, I know that's high Betty Martin. But the boy is a-goin' crazy fur the gal, and he must jest have her,—that's the up and down of the matter. It 'twont cost more to take *her* in the family than to keep *him* at a lunatic 'sylum. It's either one or t'other."

Knowing as I did that the farmer was as thoroughly humbugged as his wife, though in a different manner, yet I could not avoid congratulating Steve on the use to which he had put Spiritualism.

I have heard of their marriage, and that the "Lafayette pitcher" and "Gineral Jackson mug" have been replaced by others quite as showy.

M. B. Williams.

BUILDING MATERIALS FOR THE NEW CHICAGO.

IT was the boast of Augustus that he had found his capital of brick, and had left it of marble. It is hardly to be expected in the rebuilding of Chicago, when the business demands are so imperative for structures which shall afford shelter and security, and when all the available materials for construction over a large area are at once required, that there will be displayed that elaborate and ornamented architecture which, under less urgent and more prosperous circumstances, we might expect. But we may expect that the new city will be more substantially built, and of materials better adapted to withstand the ravages of a great conflagration.

It is opportune, therefore, to enquire as to the nature of these materials, their accessibility, the facility with which they may be fashioned into desired forms, and their ability to resist fire and atmos-

pheric agents. In wandering through the burnt district immediately after the fire, the observer had a good opportunity of learning an instructive lesson as to the comparative merits of the different materials in resisting fire; and while the general conclusion arrived at is that no known material could go through such a fiery ordeal unscathed, yet it is undoubted that there are certain materials which are so far fire-proof as to preserve intact the contents which they enclose.

All the earths, *per se*, such as clay, lime, sand, and magnesia (we use popular terms), are infusible, but when combined with carbonic acid gas, or mechanically mixed, say carbonate of lime brought in contact with silica, they readily undergo transformation. Silica in the form of a sandstone, can withstand any degree of heat. It is this

which forms the hearths of our reducing furnaces. Clay, a mixture of alumina and silica, is absolutely infusible, and is used as a lining for furnaces. Yet both of these substances, when heated to a high degree, cannot withstand the dashing on of water without cracking. Ordinary brick differ from fire brick in that the clay entering into their construction contains lime, iron, manganese, etc., which render them fusible.

Most of the limestones employed in the West for the purposes of construction are a double compound of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, or, in other words, a calcareous carbonate of magnesia (dolomite). There is, also, often a notable percentage of soda. It makes a durable building stone, and the mortar is esteemed highly as a cement, owing to its absorption of less carbonic acid from the atmosphere than lime made from ordinary limestone. The best marbles are similar in composition, but the difference in external characters is owing to metamorphism. Subjected to a strong heat, they undergo calcination and crumble into an earthy mass.

Granite is a compound rock, essentially composed of quartz, feldspar, and mica, or where hornblende replaces the latter mineral it takes the name of syenite. Where feldspar does not predominate, it is among the most durable of building materials, and there are in existence Egyptian monuments of this material, which date back thirteen hundred years before the Christian Era. Where feldspar is in excess, granite becomes the most perishable of rocks. It is a poor fire stone, and the first dash of water causes it, when heated, to splinter and flake. It is refractory and difficult to work after it has lost its quarry moisture.

So far, then, as relates to the fire-proof materials employed in the construction of buildings in the burnt district of Chicago, it may be said that ordinary brick were the most refractory, and next came the red sandstones of Lake Superior. Granite blocks lying

upon the sidewalks, and only exposed to reflected heat, flaked off; marble from Westchester County, New York, crumbled into amorphous masses as readily as the Athens limestone; and iron fronts and iron girders, except where protected by concrete, were warped and bent and hurled into the undistinguishable ruins. The petroleum limestone which caps the Niagara group, of which the Second Presbyterian Church was constructed, and which certain newspaper correspondents of a vivid imagination represented as belching forth flame and smoke during the great catastrophe, came out of the ordeal about as well as any description of stone. The readiness with which the Athens limestone and the Westchester marble crumbled almost to dust has brought upon these stones undeserved reproach, for no material could endure unscathed the fiery blast which swept over the fairest portion of the city on the memorable 8th of October.

I propose briefly to discuss the relative merits of the different building materials which will be employed in the rebuilding of Chicago, premising that those materials which are homogeneous in composition, consisting of a single substance or of different substances combined in atomic proportions, are the best, while those which are mechanically mixed are to be rejected.

Granites.—The granites from Minnesota had just begun to be introduced into Chicago as a building material, at the time of the fire; but as I am not familiar with the localities from which they were derived, and never gave them a personal inspection, I have no criticism to offer. That it is not a stone which will stand heat, is proved by the fact that blocks placed upon the sidewalks, and outside of the combustible materials in the buildings, were utterly destroyed.

The granites of Huron Island, in Lake Superior, I am inclined to believe, would afford a beautiful and durable material for construction. The Quincy granite, while durable, has a sombre

air which reminds one of a state prison. The New Hampshire and Rhode Island granites, while they have a more cheerful tint, are apt to contain particles of peroxide of iron, which on exposure to the atmosphere decompose and stain the mass.

That the granites possess all the strength and durability required in the most elaborate structures, is unquestioned; but they are difficult to cut as compared with limestones and sandstones, and at the same time are destitute of those warm and cheerful tints which should be sought for in a bright and sunny climate like ours.

Mr. S. W. Hill, in some manuscript notes of his explorations during the past season in the Lake Superior district, states that on the north shore of the lake there is found a fine quality of a chocolate-colored porphyry which will prove an excellent and durable building material. It can be easily quarried, and its hardness is a little less than that of the Massachusetts granite.

Marbles — Limestones. — The Azoic series, occupying the water-shed between Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, contains several bands of limestone metamorphosed into marble. This marble crops out in bold ledges, weathers evenly, and shows sharp angles, thus presenting convincing tests of its great durability. The prevailing tint is flesh-red, inclining to bluish or ash-gray, intermingled with irregular veins of a deeper hue. It is well adapted to ornamental purposes, and for richness of effect is not surpassed by the most highly prized foreign marbles. There are, however, occasionally seen irregular bunches of quartz scattered through portions of the mass; and even in hand specimens susceptible of the highest polish, there are to be seen minute particles of silica which prevent this material from receiving a perfectly uniform surface. Perhaps in quarrying the mass, portions might be selected which would be found free from these defects. A specimen of this marble from the vi-

cinity of Carp River, on assay, gave these results:

Silicious substance, - - - -	14.53
Carbonate of iron and manganese, - -	.49
Carbonate of lime, - - - -	46.14
Carbonate of magnesia, - - - -	38.01
Water and a trace of chlorine and sulphuric acid, - - - -	.83
	100.00

(Foster & Whitney.)

Thus, it will be seen that this is essentially a dolomite. To make this material available in the rebuilding of Chicago, would require the construction of a railroad nearly sixty miles in length.

I have recently examined some specimens of marble from the Dominion of Canada, occurring inland from Lake Ontario about seventy miles, and where railroad facilities exist for bringing it to the lake. It is pure white, and shows highly crystalline facets. The deposit is said to be inexhaustible. There is a very serious obstacle, however, which will prevent the citizens of Chicago from resorting to this source of supply: the duty on foreign marbles considerably exceeds the cost of quarrying, and amounts to a prohibition so far as relates to their use for building purposes.

The Westchester County (New York) marbles, I believe, were used only in a single structure in Chicago. They combine all the requisites of strength, beauty, and durability, but their cost will prevent their general introduction in the rebuilding of the city.

The limestones of the Niagara group, throughout their whole range and extent, have proved a most excellent material for construction. This is shown in the very topographical features of the country. While other groups of rocks closely associated have been swept away by the great denuding current setting from the north in past geological times, this group has in a measure resisted its encroachments and prescribed the boundaries of most of our great lakes. It forms the scarp over which the outflowing waters of Lake Erie are precipitated, and thence it may be traced in an immense circuit, form-

ing the conspicuous promontory of Cabot's Head at the entrance to Georgian Bay; the Manitoulin Islands in the north of Lake Huron; the projecting spit of Green Bay; and thence sweeping a little inland through Wisconsin, it re-appears at Chicago, and circling the head of Lake Michigan, plunges beneath the surface in Indiana. Everywhere it affords durable materials for construction. The locks and other structures on the western part of the Erie and Welland canals; the structures at Chicago made of "Athens marble"; the materials which entered into the construction of the Lindell House of St. Louis; and the stone derived from Delphi in Indiana, and employed at Lafayette and other points, are good examples of the application of this limestone. The main body of our Court House was built of Niagara limestone, brought from Lockport, New York, at a time when it was little suspected that our city was underlaid by the same formation, and that we had a building stone of nearly equal durability within easy reach. The New York stone is of a darker tint than its analogue, the Athens marble—about the tint of the Niagara limestone occurring at Jerseyville, Illinois.

A specimen of this limestone from the south side of Sturgeon Bay, Lake Michigan, assayed as follows:

Carbonate of lime, - - - -	54.17
Carbonate of magnesia, - - - -	44.39
Silicious residuum, - - - -	.57
Water, etc., - - - -	.87

100.00

(Foster & Whitney.)

This assay indicates that it is a nearly pure dolomite, which theoretically is composed as follows:

Carbonate of lime, - - - -	54.3
Carbonate of magnesia, - - - -	45.7

100.00

The Athens limestone, so extensively employed in Chicago as a building material, as indicated by the subjoined analysis, is also a dolomite. Its composition is as follows:

Silex and clay, - - - -	17.33
Alumina, - - - -	1.33
Peroxide of iron, - - - -	.59
Lime, - - - -	50.10
Magnesia, - - - -	17.96
Carbonic acid, - - - -	42.67
Water, trace.	

100.00

(Blancq.)

The vertical thickness of the Athens limestone, or that part peculiarly adapted to architectural purposes, is only about eight feet, and the thickness of the individual strata rarely exceeds eighteen inches. Taken fresh from the quarry in the winter, the blocks are disposed to crack. Hence during the inclement season all labor is suspended, and the quarries are flooded with water. This stone is very rarely laid in blocks, but in the form of ashlar or veneers. The Marine Bank, Ogden's Building, corner of Lake and Clark streets, and Tinkham's Building, were the oldest structures in Chicago composed of this material, and in none of them were there any evidences of decay.

This is the stone selected for the State Capitol at Springfield, and is, perhaps, the best building material to be found in Illinois. It displays a warm and cheerful tint, far more agreeable than the cold and glittering tint of marble; and the new Capitol, if carried out in all its architectural details, will be one of the most imposing structures in the United States.

At North Vernon, Indiana, occurs a buff-colored limestone, belonging to the Niagara group, of a very close and homogeneous texture, and well adapted to architectural purposes. It will be employed in the construction of the new Court House at Indianapolis, destined to be the most magnificent structure in the State. If the Cincinnati and Terre-Haute Railway were completed, this stone might be brought to Chicago.

The Sub-carboniferous limestone in Indiana affords many valuable quarries, the most noted of which occur at Bedford and Ellettsville. At the latter place there is a single stratum, not less than fourteen feet in thickness, and of

so uniform texture that it may be rifted in any direction. It is readily cut or sawed, or carved into the highest ornamental forms. The tint is a light gray. Two bank fronts in Indianapolis are of this stone, and the beauty of the architectural details at once arrests the attention of the observer. This zone of rock, like the preceding, will be intersected by the Cincinnati and Terre-Haute Railway, and the time is not distant when Chicago will resort to this source for a portion of her building materials.

Sandstones.—The sandstones consist essentially of particles of quartz united either by a silicious, calcareous, or argillaceous cement. To secure a durable building stone those varieties should be selected of a fine grain, and so thoroughly compacted as to exclude moisture. Those containing an argillaceous cement should be rejected. Most stones contain some element of decay. Some crumble under the effects of freezing and thawing; some from the decomposition of a noxious ingredient, such as the sulphuret of iron; and some are attacked by the gases poured out from the chimneys of a populous city. The new Houses of Parliament are a striking illustration of the latter case. In 1839 a Commission of the most eminent geologists was appointed to select the best stone in the kingdom for this national structure, and a magnesian limestone, which in the country had resisted atmospheric changes for a thousand years, was adopted, and the buildings, rich in ornament, were erected. It was soon found, however, that the fumes of London were rapidly corroding this stone, and it became necessary to apply a solution of the silicate of soda to exclude the gases.

I will enumerate some of the localities where good sandstones may be obtained, and accessible to the Chicago market. The Potsdam sandstone of Lake Superior at many points affords excellent materials. At Duluth, Bayfield, and Marquette, it appears in the form of a close-grained stone, of uniform texture, and of a reddish tint, and

is susceptible of any degree of architectural ornament. Structures of this stone are to be seen in Chicago, and I do not exaggerate when I pronounce it one of the most beautiful of the materials employed here.

The fine-grained sandstones of Ohio and Indiana, from the Waverly group, are free-cutting, easily rubbed down to a uniform surface, and have agreeable tints, such as yellowish, reddish, and olive-brown. The particles are often held together by an argillaceous cement, and there are often imbedded in the mass balls of iron pyrites, which readily decompose, not only staining but disintegrating the stone. The steps of the State House at Indianapolis are of this material, and are in a sad state of dilapidation. This rock is extensively quarried at Amherst, Berea, Independence, etc., in Ohio, and the annual sales reach one million of dollars. The cementing material at those points is not objectionable, but there are occasional balls of sulphuret of iron. Drake's Block and Birch's Block, in Chicago, were faced with this stone. I have lately examined specimens of a pure quartzose rock from that vicinity, which may prove a more valuable building material than that which is now exported. This stone is, in color, pure white, of a granular texture, and according to Professor Cox, the State Geologist of Indiana, consists of almost pure silex.

Specific gravity, 2.380. A cubic foot will weigh 148.75 pounds.

Insoluble silica, - - - - -	99.40
Moisture, dried at 212° F., - - -	.15
Lime, magnesia, a trace of iron and loss, -	.45
	<hr/> 100.00

Subjected to the freezing, process it lost in six days 0.5 per cent.

Near the base of the Coal Measures in Indiana there is a great development of sandstones, some thick-bedded, adapted to the most solid masonry, and some thin-bedded, adapted to flagging. They are variously tinted, white, red, and brown, and the particles, for the most part, are united by a silicious ce-

ment, and therefore possess great durability. The nearest approach of these rocks to Chicago would be about one hundred and thirty miles. They are mainly quarried for local use, but at Cannelton they form a considerable item of export. The bridge piers at Rock Island are to be built of sandstone derived from this locality.

A bluish micaceous sandstone from the Coal Measures near Parkersburg, Virginia, has been submitted to the examination of our architects. This stone has been assayed by Professor Cox, and is composed of the following ingredients:

Specific gravity, 2.287. A cubic foot will weigh	
163.12 pounds.	
Insoluble silica, - - - -	79.106
Oxide of iron, - - - -	7.000
Carbonate of lime, - - - -	13.340
Carbonate of magnesia, - - -	.504
Water dried at 212° F., - - -	.050
	<hr/> 100.000

This stone has evidently a calcareous cement, and will be found less durable than those sandstones whose cement is silicious.

The brown sandstone from the Connecticut Valley (Portland) has been introduced here, and some of our most costly private residences are built of it. In durability it is inferior to the sandstones of either Lake Superior or Ohio. In sheltered positions this stone gathers moss, which shows that it contains some ingredient whose decomposition affords plant food. Many of the house steps in New York, made of this material, are in a flaky condition. Where employed in long rows it gives to the street a sombre air; but interspersed among buildings of marble, or of the lighter-tinted sandstones, the effect is agreeable.

Brick.—Brick, as demonstrated by the late fire, are comparatively fire-proof, and the Roman brick still in existence show that they have the power of resisting atmospheric agents. Whilst they are the best material which can be selected for interior walls, there are two objections to their employment exter-

nally: 1. They are more absorbent of moisture than most varieties of stone, and hence, unless airspaces are left, the walls are damp, and consequently the rooms are unhealthy. In constructing the walls of the National Capitol, which are of marble, a stone slightly absorbent, to guard against this inconvenience the back of each block of stone was smeared with coal tar—a precaution which no Chicago architect was ever known to suggest, or any builder to carry into effect. Where brick are employed in exterior walls, the pores should be filled with a solution of the silicate of soda. 2. In buildings where architectural effect is aimed at, such as shall convey to the eye of the observer the combined idea of massiveness and rich ornamentation, brick cannot be employed. The many fine lines, both horizontal and vertical, detract from the idea of solidity; and *terra cotta* adornments bear about the same relation to stone carvings that paste jewels do to the real diamond. It may be said that the lines of brick work may be concealed by stucco or mastic, but none of these artificial veneerings can withstand the vicissitudes of our climate, and the educated eye at once detects these meretricious coverings, and pronounces them "bogus." It is to be feared that, in the rapid rebuilding of the burnt district, utility only will be consulted, while architectural effect will be lost sight of.

The Great Conflagration has created an almost unlimited demand for all materials entering into construction, and it is to be feared that those who control these materials will insist on extravagant prices. To convey to the reader some idea of the extent of that demand in one division of the city only, we quote the following estimates, made by one of Chicago's oldest and most eminent architects—Mr. Van Osdel:

The following may be relied upon as a very close approximation to a correct statement of the number of lineal feet front of stone, brick, and iron buildings in the South Division, north of Van Buren Street, occupied for offices, manufactories, banks, hotels, and stores, previous to the late fire, corner buildings estimated as fronting on each street:

	<i>Feet.</i>
Six-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 790
Five-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 12,919
Four-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 1,150
Three-story buildings, stone fronts,	- 485
Five-story buildings, iron fronts,	- 975
Five-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 9,091
Four-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 14,541
Three-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 6,039
Two-story buildings, brick fronts,	- 2,219

Total, - - - - - 50,009
equal to nine and one-half miles nearly. The available building front in said district is about sixteen miles; there was, therefore, six and one-half miles of fronts occupied by dwelling houses, frame buildings, churches, school houses, and other public buildings, gas works, coal yards, etc.; also including many vacant lots. Persons who have never seen our beautiful city can form some estimate of our loss when they contemplate a front of nearly three miles of five and six-story cut-stone and iron buildings, many of them of the most costly character, equal in architectural appearance to any buildings on this continent.

I am confident, from reliable data, that at least three miles of fronts will be rebuilt in this district within the next year for commercial purposes, and that the new will compare favorably with the old.

To protect from extortions the people of Chicago, now struggling so manfully with adversity, and to enable them to rebuild their homes and places of business, Congress ought at once to pass a law, to continue in force for two years, remitting all duties on materials brought here and actually employed in construction. There is already a precedent for such action, where the destruction of value was insignificant compared with this terrible calamity. Such a course would inspire fresh confidence, and capital would flow here to build up the waste places. It has been estimated that while the Government would not lose by such remission of duties more than two hundred thousand dollars, the citizens of Chicago would gain not less than twenty-five millions.

J. W. Foster.

LAND TITLES IN COOK COUNTY.

THE almost entire destruction of the public records of the city of Chicago and of Cook County in the "Great Conflagration" of October, naturally suggests a consideration of the present condition of land titles in the city and county. The loss of these records, including, as it does, every record of conveyances in the Recorder's office, every record of proceedings in the various courts, and every record relating to taxes, is an important item in the vast aggregate of losses occasioned by the late disaster. But notwithstanding the extent of this loss, and the embarrassments and difficulties which exist in regard to land titles in consequence of it, still it cannot be said that any complex questions of the general law of real property are involved in the consideration of the subject. Titles to land, intrinsically considered, have not been impaired or changed by reason of the loss of the title records,

or the destruction of any of the evidences of title. Beneath the ruins of even the "burnt district" the soil remains, and amid the sweeping destruction of everything perishable upon its surface, including the title deeds and other muniments of ownership, the inherent legal title passed through the fiery ordeal unimpaired, untouched.

The common law of England, to the extent it was suited to the condition of the colonists of our country, was brought with them as a valuable heritage; but in respect to the law of real property, the feudal system introduced into England after the Conquest, and which prevailed there in a modified form at the time of the early settlement of this country, so far as that system was founded upon the theory that in the king or ruling chief was vested the title in and dominion over all lands of the realm, has never been adopted by the people of this country; and its existence here

has been expressly disclaimed by various legislative enactments and judicial decisions. Title to real estate in this country is generally derived from the government; yet after it has been acquired by the individual, it becomes to all intents and purposes the property of the individual, as *absolute owner*.

The lands of this county have been derived in part from the General Government and in part from the State, by individual purchasers; and the transfers of title by prior to subsequent purchasers have vested the existing title in the present owners. As in the case of the usual unconditional grant from the Government or State to an individual, so also in the case of the usual absolute conveyance by the individual purchaser to a subsequent purchaser, the title passes beyond all power of reclamation. A former owner, to re-acquire the title once transferred by him, must himself again become the purchaser of the title from the holder of it. The loss of his title deed by the last purchaser, or the destruction of the record of that deed, does not cast the title upon the original or other prior owner, or upon any other person. It remains vested in the last purchaser until relinquished by his own act. As to the matter of title, intrinsically considered, it will appear, then, that the destruction of the evidences contained in the various public records, has not had the effect of changing the ownership, title or condition of a single parcel of land in the city or county.

The views thus far expressed have had reference only to the *legal* effect of the loss of the public records upon the thing called title. I will now consider the *practical* effect of the destruction of the public records and other evidences of title; and for this purpose it will be well to refer to some of the facts or considerations which usually enter into the ordinary transactions of men in the transfer of title to land.

It is well known that the material thing involved in the common transactions in relation to land, is the *evidence*

of title; not a mere assertion or claim of title, but competent legal *proof* of it. The person claiming ownership, in order to effect a sale, or to obtain money or other thing of value, in consideration of a transfer of the ownership, absolute or conditional, must be able to establish his title by such affirmative evidence as is considered reliable and permanent. The primary evidence, in most cases, consists of the patent from the Government or State, and a full chain of title deeds from each owner to his purchaser—the last purchaser being recognized as the present owner and the only competent person to effect a further transfer of the title. The secondary evidence, although for most purposes also received as primary evidence, consists of the copies of the original conveyances contained in the public records. Titles are impaired, encumbered, and often defeated or transferred, in other ways than by the direct act or conveyance of the owner. In such cases the ordinary chain of title deeds from owner to purchaser would not fully make known the condition of the title. In consequence of the defaults of the owner in certain cases, his land may at first become encumbered and afterward transferred; as in case of the owner's failure to pay the taxes legally assessed upon his property, or suffering it to become charged with a judgment or other lien. The public records afford the means to ascertain the fact of such charges or liens. The title to land, as well as other property, is transferred by the will of the testate owner, legally made and proven; the evidence in such case being the original testament, or the record thereof, together with the court proceedings allowing the same.

Now title to land, for all practical purposes, is considered to be just as the commonly received evidence makes it appear to be. If the essential evidence exists and is perfect in appearance, the title itself is considered perfect. So also, if the evidence produced is wanting in some material part, is incomplete, or if it is in any respect defective, the

title itself is considered defective. If the claimant can produce no evidence of title, he will be treated as one having no title. If two or more persons claim title to the same property by reason of the possession by each of some evidence, the one producing the best evidence will be considered as invested with the title. In proceedings in court in which title is involved, as well as in ordinary transactions where it comes in question, it will be adjudged and considered to be in accordance with the best evidence produced.

The evidence of land titles in this city and county, heretofore required and acted upon, consisted of the original title deeds and the contents of the various public records relating to title or in any way affecting it. What is the general situation of land owners since the fire in respect to these evidences?

As to the original deeds, the primary evidence, but very few of the present land owners have in their possession, or are able to procure, a perfect chain of title deeds connecting their present ownership with the original source of title. This is generally true, even as to the owners of farming lands which have not been subdivided or sold in small parcels, but remain in sections and parts of sections, in many cases, as first purchased. As to owners of city or town lots, this will be found true of nearly all of them. Of the thousands of present owners of land in this county, it is doubtful whether one hundred of them can be found who are able to present a perfect chain of title deeds to the property they hold and claim to own. Original deeds and other conveyances of land, after being once recorded, have not been carefully preserved. Thousands of them have been suffered to remain in the Recorder's office, and are now destroyed with the records. Purchasers have seldom asked for or received any other title papers than the conveyances to themselves, and after sales are perfected, such little value has been placed by prior owners upon the prior title papers

remaining in their hands, that these have been either destroyed or thrown aside and afterwards lost, and in many cases where they have in fact been preserved, their existence and location as to present owners, "are past finding out." The complete destruction of the public records of the Recorder's office, wherein all conveyances of land in the county have been recorded; the destruction of all the records of court proceedings, by reason of which titles have been established and defeated, and in various ways affected; the destruction of all original wills proven in this county and the entire record thereof, and also all the records relating to tax liens and sales; the destruction and absence of important title deeds in most cases of present ownership; the loss of all this most essential evidence of title, is a matter of serious moment to land owners, and if they are still dependent upon such evidence as has been heretofore required to establish title, there is hardly a parcel of land in the city or county whose title can be considered merchantable or safe to deal with.

This leads us to consider the means of relief.

As the loss is not title in fact, but rather the evidence of title, so the relief needed and to be sought for is not restoration or preservation of title, but the acquirement of *new evidence* of title to take the place of that which has been destroyed or lost. Of what character shall this new evidence be, and from whence and how shall it be obtained, is a question more easily asked than answered.

Following the invasion and conquest of England by William the Conqueror, a survey of nearly every portion of that country was made, and its details embodied in two volumes, called the Domesday book, or as the natives called it, the Book of the Day of Judgment. That the idea of the day of judgment entered into the composition of this book, appears clear from many references to it, by the old chroniclers. It is stated, "that as the sentence of that last severe

service and terrible ordeal cannot by any artifice be escaped, so where a controversy has arisen in the kingdom on subjects noticed in that book, and an appeal is made to it, its sentence can neither be impugned nor evaded with impunity." In this book were described minutely the counties, hundreds, cities, towns, and manors, the quantity and quality of the land, its value, income, tax tributes, "rendering almost literally true the words of Ingulphus, that there was not a hide of land in England but the King knew its value and its owner's name, nor a pool nor a place that was not described in the King's roll, with its rent and income." It appears very uncertain, as yet, what remedy the State will provide, but it may be presumed that our legislators will not attempt to frighten us with a Domesday book.

The statute laws of this State show that a loss by fire of the public records has occurred in several counties,—in Jackson County in 1842, in Franklin County in 1845, in Wabash County and in the city of Cairo in 1858. In each of these cases special legislative acts were passed, appointing a commission of three persons to receive and record anew all title papers previously recorded, and to receive such testimony, parol or otherwise, as might be offered relating to title; and this testimony also placed on record, was declared to be *prima facie* evidence of title. This course for providing new evidence of title, was undoubtedly the best that could have been adopted in these counties at the time of the loss of their records. Their destroyed records were few in number, and the lands affected were mostly farming lands, at that time of comparatively small value. The deeds of each tract were few, and titles were easily traceable to original sources, most of the transfers probably being within the personal knowledge of many inhabitants of the county. Besides, it is probable that most of the title papers were preserved and easily obtained for making up the new record. The situ-

ation in Cook County is very different. The almost numberless parcels into which land has been subdivided, and which is now represented by thousands of owners, residing in almost every country on the globe; the great value of land in and about the city, many single blocks being worth several millions of dollars, and hundreds of single building lots worth nearly an hundred thousand dollars each; these and many other considerations make it necessary that great care be exercised in determining what had best be done for relief. Large and various interests are at stake, and it may be impossible to mature and complete at once, a mode of procedure which will prove entirely free from objections, or which will be best adapted to meet the wants in every variety of cases. But notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, it is absolutely necessary that something be done, and that speedily. The merchantable character of real estate cannot be maintained without accessible evidences of title. Transactions in land must generally cease unless title evidences of some character are established.

The records of the county had become so voluminous that for many years past it has been, practically speaking, an impossibility for individuals to ascertain the condition of title to any parcel of land from a personal examination of the various records. In consequence of this, three sets of abstract books have been made up for the express purpose of facilitating the investigation of matters of title, and for many years past the abstracts of title prepared by the three abstract firms have been used and relied upon as correctly showing the material contents of the public records. These firms are composed of men of long experience in the business, and their integrity, skill, and care in their work have secured the confidence of the people. The abstract books have been made up, originally from the records, but for many years past from an examination of all original instruments as they were

filed for record in the Recorder's office. Until within a day or two before the fire, not a single instrument has ever been filed for record in the Recorder's office that does not appear upon these books.

They contain a statement of the date, names of the parties, consideration, character of the instrument, description of the property, amount of revenue stamps, and date of record, of every instrument filed in the Recorder's office. They also give a statement of the date and amount of, and parties to, every judgment in the various courts of record, and more or less information in regard to every suit brought or pending, to the very last entry before the fire. Of sales made for taxes, the books are complete. Of wills and proceedings in estates, these books contain much valuable and reliable information. Included among the abstract books are the copy-books of abstracts heretofore made, which show in considerable part the contents of the former records as fully as need be. As to many instruments of a special character, the abstract books do not show their contents as fully as may be needful for some purposes.

While admitting that these abstract books, which, fortunately, have in most part been preserved by their owners, cannot take the place of the public records destroyed, for all purposes, yet it is an important matter of consideration whether these books should not become the property of the public, and be made available to the extent they go in showing facts relative to title, as evidence of title. If these books cannot safely be used as evidence, in the absence of the public records and of original instruments, to what source can the people go for the required evidence? what will be its character? and in what way can it be preserved for future use? If it be claimed that these books are already invested with the character of legal evidence, is it not of the highest importance that the

possession and ownership be transferred to the care and custody of the public? So long as they remain in individual hands, as personal property, the public can exercise no control over them; no information can be obtained from them, except to the extent their owners may be willing to give it, and for such consideration as they may be inclined to demand. If these abstract books contain the only safe and reliable information as to the contents of the destroyed records in existence; if the people are dependent upon these books for the history and condition of their land titles; if they now are or shall hereafter be made legal evidence of title; if they will be needed as well to-morrow as to-day, and next year as this year, by the people and for the people, in the commonest transactions involving title; is it expedient or safe to entrust this property, of such infinite public value to individual ownership and control, without even the right to ask for security or pledge for its safe keeping? With these abstract books as the property of the county, at all times available to all persons needing information contained in them, moderate charges being required to be paid for such information, in order to prevent intrusive persons from obtaining information in regard to others' titles for improper purposes, and made simply evidence of the facts stated in them, by legislative enactment; it would appear that by this step the difficulties surrounding titles to land in the county would, to a large extent, be at once removed. Further legislation will be required to obtain all the relief that is needed, but in a large majority of cases the information contained in the abstract books, if made available as evidence, will be received with confidence, and the principal difficulties arising from the sweeping destruction of the records and other evidences of title heretofore relied upon, will in most cases be removed.

J. B. Adams.

CHICAGO AND THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

"THE Fire," said a distinguished orthodox clergyman of this city in a recent sermon, "has burnt up a good deal of sectarianism in Chicago." Whether this be true or not it is not our purpose to inquire; but it has certainly brought into zealous practice a great deal of unsectarian Christianity. "If," says one of the most vigorous and eloquent writers of our generation, "If it be true Christianity to dive with a passionate charity into the darkest realms of misery and of vice, to irrigate every quarter of the earth with the fertilizing stream of an almost boundless benevolence, and to include all the sections of humanity in the circle of an intense and efficacious sympathy; if it be true Christianity to destroy or weaken the barriers which had separated class from class and nation from nation, to free war from its harshest elements, and to make a consciousness of essential equality and of a genuine fraternity dominate over all accidental differences; *

* * if these be the marks of a true and healthy Christianity, then never since the days of the Apostles has it been so vigorous as at present." When these words were written we had not then, as our newspapers so love to say, "passed recently through a disastrous conflagration;" but no more striking illustration of their truth has been, or let us hope, will be given in our time, than in these last three months of our history. Both in what has been done for us and in what has been done among us, true Christianity has dived here into the darkest recesses of misery; has flowed over us with a fertilizing stream of almost boundless benevolence; and has enfolded us as in an intense and effective sympathy. It is true that Chicago, more than any other city on the globe, is made up of people gathered together from all civilized countries. The oldest native born citizen is only

about thirty-five years of age, and there is hardly an old man or an old woman in all its three hundred thousand inhabitants. Much the larger portion of its adults are young, or in the prime of life, and all, or nearly all, have left old homes and kindred elsewhere, to whom they are bound by the closest ties of affection and interest.

The fire broke out on Sunday evening at ten o'clock, and the last house it caught—four miles distant in a straight line from the starting point—was still blazing at eleven o'clock the next night. In that twenty-five hours the news of the disaster was carried across an ocean and a continent, and the hearts of hundreds of thousands were wrung with anxiety and suspense as to the fate, not merely of their fellow creatures, but of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, and of intimate friends. The intense sympathy which was everywhere shown was due, doubtless, in a measure to this deep personal interest in the event; but the contagion of that sympathy ran through every town and city, at home and abroad, as irrepressible and as consuming as the hot flames that were even then leaping from house to house through our doomed streets. The barriers which separate class from class, and nation from nation, were no longer remembered. In London, in Vienna, in Paris, in all European capitals, instant measures for relief followed the first imperfect comprehension of the calamity. It was only necessary to placard upon a wagon in any New York street the one word "Chicago," to bring out from every house its inmates, loaded with whatever of clothing or of food they could lay their hands on, for the succor of a suffering people a thousand miles away. The rich and the poor vied with each other in giving of their abundance or their poverty; and from the western

border of the American continent to the eastern boundary of Europe, a chord of tender feeling and Christian charity thrilled through all peoples with pity and with love for those who were thus stricken with sudden poverty, and who looked up hopeless and in despair into the pitiless heavens, red with the reflection of their burning homes.

Of what depths of feeling were stirred many touching evidences were given, in the hundreds of boxes of goods sent here to private persons for distribution. Stores of household treasures that had lain untouched and hidden away from the light of day for many years, too precious from cherished associations to be put to common use, were brought out now, and dedicated, as it were, to a sacred mission. Their character, and the fashion of them, evidently showed, as they were lifted from their places here, what tender memories must have been entwined about them, and how intense the pious devotion was that could enforce consent to part with them now forever. Sheets and blankets and coverlets, and stores of other homely stuff, as precious once to some good housewife as the contents of Mrs. Tulliver's cedar closet were to her, and which some loving daughter had laid away as a legacy too sacred to be put to any common purpose, were sent as a fitting gift to those who sat in the ashes of all past memories. Garments, doubtless the last worn by friends who were dead, and which carried with them some semblance to the "dear flesh" they once covered, were sent where their new use was held to be no profanation of the old, sad associations that belonged to them. Now and then, packed away with unusual care, was some quaint, old-fashioned suit of baby-clothing, or child's dress, which was not parted with, we may be sure, without many tears, for its very age told of a cherished grief in the heart of a loving mother, who, long years ago, had laid a little one to its final rest, and now sanctified that sorrow with the hope that the robes of her baby, who

died when she was young, would go to comfort the heart of some other young mother who still clasped a living child to her bosom.

There was no display, and no obtrusion of any feeling of this sort; the only evidence of it was in the mute testimony of the things themselves; but they bore as certain witness as though they spoke with tongues. In the presence of a disaster involving so many in utter ruin, and the immediate deprivation of the bare necessities of life, to hold back anything which could be parted with, seemed to thousands an act of cruel selfishness which no merely private sorrow or personal comfort could palliate; and the world will never know how many sacrifices, very hard to make, were laid upon the altar of that charity, how many crosses were lifted up cheerfully and borne bravely that others' burdens might be lightened. If there was great suffering, so also was there great love; and in the dire disaster that befel Chicago came a swift witness to the truth that far more powerful than any dogma in the minds of men in our time is the law, that "ye help one another."

As the benevolence of the world was without stint and without parallel, so was its confidence boundless. Where there was so much distress, it had to be assumed that of necessity there must be honest men and women who would rob neither the poor nor their friends. Millions were given in money, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth in goods. The trust involved in the use of so large an amount of property was enormous, and it was by no means a foolish or an over-anxious question, in the first days after the fire, whether the duties of that trust would be faithfully discharged. Private donations of large value came immediately to private persons in whose integrity and judgment friends at a distance knew they could confide. That confidence, we have no doubt, has been uniformly justified; and we know that many men and women have labored

incessantly, though unobtrusively, for the last three months in seeking for and relieving suffering among a class which but for them would have submitted to the very extremity of want. What has been done in this way, and by small voluntary associations of ladies, has not been and never can be told, for they have done good in secret, and have reached cases which no public charity could ever touch. Whether right or wrong, there are many families who shrank far more from any exposure of their poverty than from starvation, and their sensitiveness has been respected by those whose privilege it was to relieve their wants. But the larger class was of those whom public charity must aid or they would perish. Between them and absolute poverty there was, at all times, only the precarious barrier of their daily bread, earned by their daily labor, with some small but indispensable accumulation of household goods; and when these were swept away, they stood face to face with gaunt hunger and blank despair. They stood face to face with them, but only for a day. Had such a calamity as ours occurred to a city of three hundred and fifty thousand people, which was not connected with all the world by telegraphic wires, and which was not a railroad centre, death would have been the portion of very many ere succor could have reached them; but here not even one human creature perished from destitution. The wires and the rails assured us, before the sun had set over the burning city, that none need suffer for food or clothing; and there was none of that desperate despair that might have led to desperate remedies.

There was anxiety enough, and apprehension enough, as everybody remembers, in the first few days, in a city without gas, without water, overworked, sleepless, distracted with cruel rumors, carefully collated by a reckless press, of ruffianism, robbery, and incendiarism; but the real danger of that fearful time seemed to escape attention, or, at least, to find no voice. That danger was

whether, after all, the boundless benevolence of the world would avail us anything; whether all those millions of money and all those trains of food and of clothing should ever reach those for whom they were intended, or whether committees should steal and squander all they could lay their hands on, and a hungry and naked mob should divide among the strongest the material in kind of which they knew there would be no just distribution. That we narrowly escaped that peril, there can be no doubt. Political adventurers saw, or thought they saw, their opportunity. Where would Chicago and her wretched people have been to-day, had it been their fate to have remained another week at the mercy of those men, or their like, whom a Grand Jury has since called to the bar of justice to answer for their ordinary method of municipal administration? It was not merely that there was no city government equal to the occasion, but that in the utter corruption of our city politics there would have been even no attempt to meet so terrible an emergency. There would have been a desperate scramble for the spoils, first of officials, and then of the mob; and the disaster of destruction would have been followed by the deeper disaster of disgrace and anarchy.

But one just man can save a city. Fortunately Mayor R. B. Mason controlled officially all the contributions in money and material sent for the relief of the people, and fortunately Mayor Mason was both a man of probity and a man of sense. He saw not only the thing that was not to be done, but he saw also, just as clearly, the thing to do. To a citizens' committee, which had on it some good men, but which was controlled by those who were politicians by trade, and therefore not good, he gave a fair trial of three days. Three days were enough to show that we were going to the bad almost as fast as the fire swept from the West Side to the North, and with a result quite as certain. He looked about him for men who were honest as well as wise; men identified

with the true interests and the fair fame of Chicago; men who would not if they could, and could not if they would, betray the sacred trust which the sympathy and the benevolence of the whole Christian world had put into its hands; and he found an organization ready-made, better-fitted for the work to be done than if it had been created at the moment for that special purpose.

On the 12th of October he handed over to The Relief and Aid Society a hundred thousand homeless, hungry, and almost naked people, with the means to house and feed and clothe them, and held the Society before the world, by proclamation, responsible for the gravest duty that ever yet fell upon private citizens in the administration of the largest charity the world has ever known. What special considerations they were that moved the Mayor to this decision, is not of much moment, inasmuch as the result has proved that the decision was a wise one, and nothing is so wise as wisdom. But he doubtless reflected that the men he selected were, from their circumstances, social position, and private character, above personal temptation; that they could have no partisan purpose or political end to gain by the perversion of a public fund; that they had had long experience in dispensing charity to the needy, moved thereto by no other motive than a sense of humane and Christian duty. Their acts, moreover, would be open to public inspection and public criticism, for the Society was a chartered institution, and by its act of incorporation its directors were obliged "to make a report at least once a year to the City Council of Chicago, giving a full account of their doings, a statement of their receipts and expenditures, verified under oath"; and by the same act it is provided that "any officer, agent, or member of said corporation, who shall fraudulently embezzle or appropriate to his own use any of the funds or property of the said corporation, shall be deemed guilty of larceny, and liable to be indicted and punished accordingly."

In accepting the grave responsibility bestowed upon them, the officers of the society gave the strongest guaranty possible, first, in their character and position as private citizens, and, second, in their relation to the law as a public body, that the duties devolving upon them would be discharged wisely, honestly, and humanely. The Mayor could no doubt have selected other citizens quite as wise, quite as honest, and quite as humane, to whom he could have entrusted the care of the army of his indigent constituents to be marshalled into peace and comfort and thrift, but he could not hold them responsible to any legal obligation; or he might have asked of the Legislature the creation of the legal obligation, but then the selection of the citizens would not have been in his hands. The existence of the Relief and Aid Society relieved him of any such dilemma; its officers were the very men he wanted, and they were already answerable for a faithful discharge of the trust they accepted. It was fortunate for Chicago, and fortunate for the Mayor that he saw his way clearly.

It is not details but results that we are considering, for the method and machinery of their labors the Committee have fully explained in their first Special Report, which is within everybody's reach. It is by their fruits that those labors are to be judged, and their method, however admirable as a statement, is good for nothing as a fact if it does not stand this experimental test. We are not, it is proper to state, the advocate of the Society in any partisan sense; we are under no obligation to it even to the value of a daily ration; and we bear no relation to it whatever that can blind our eyes or warp our judgment. Indeed, we observe one notable fact in regard to the Relief Committee,—that they do not defend themselves from any attacks that have been made upon them, nor ask, so far as we know, any defence from anybody else. They are too busy to listen to cavil, though always ready to hear com-

plaints; too much in earnest to stop for idle discussion, though always ready to receive suggestions; too strong in their own integrity and too firmly persuaded of the magnitude of their task and the practical results of their way of handling it, to permit themselves to be turned aside by captious fault-finding. If there are points in their management that need to be explained, the explanation, we presume, will come in due season, and on the whole we think the public can find patience to wait for it. For meanwhile the welfare of Chicago to-day, her reputation the world over, and her character for the future, dating *urbis conflagratio*, are recorded indelibly and unmistakably in the daily lives of a hundred thousand people, whom the Relief Committee have in charge. The problem to be solved in regard to them had three conditions: First, that none of them should perish; second, that none of them should suffer for want of food, or of clothing, or of shelter; and third, that when these points were attained, there should be left, as the grand result, a hundred thousand industrious, thrifty, and happy people, and not a hundred thousand idle, discontented, and helpless paupers. Three months ago, the fire left them all in absolute destitution, and not one of them knew, on the morning of the 9th of October, where they should lay their heads that night, where their next meal was to come from, or wherewithal they should be clothed. But not one human creature has died as a consequence of a destitution so unprecedented; there has been among them no real suffering for the want of the necessities of life, during a season of unusual severity, and all the hardship that has been endured is positively less than the poor are compelled to submit to in ordinary winters; and not one of all this multitude is left without a home of some sort, and many of them have been put in houses of their own, almost as comfortable and almost as good as those they occupied before the fire swept them away.

To establish a system that would do

this, and do it in the shortest possible time, on the very edge of winter, was an enormous work, requiring energy, directed by the most unerring judgment, and commercial ability and experience backed by the most careful economy, and the strictest probity. Nor was it a work of a single day, or week, or month, but of half a year; demanding foresight, the exactest calculation of means to ends, unwearied and constant labor, and keen insight into the character of men to whom the details of the work were entrusted. Commerce, we know, clothes and feeds and houses any given community, whether large or small; but commerce works by precedent, calculates supply by a known or probable demand, whether of necessities or luxuries, and does its work by many self-appointed agents whose separate sphere is narrow and who easily master the defined limits of their activity. So we know that armies, large and small, are lodged and fed and clothed; but the nucleus of the army is the squad of the recruiting sergeant, and the agglomeration of the parts is not permitted till Quartermasters General and Commissaries General are provided with all that is needed for sustenance and protection. But here was a community for which commerce could make no calculation; of which the law of supply and demand had no cognizance; for whose wants there were no agents, and where every individual member had lost all past accumulations, had no resources from which to provide for the most pressing wants, were suddenly deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence, and stood with outstretched hands, hopeless, destitute, and almost as helpless as when he came into the world. Here was an army, not mustered by squads at the sergeant's convenience, to await the orders of Quartermasters and Commissaries; but an army, a hundred thousand strong, of men, women, and children, huddled together in the extremity of distress and terror, to become marshalled on the instant into an organized body, or left to

become a starving, fierce, and lawless mob. We look with pride upon Chicago rising again slowly and laboriously above her two thousand acres of ashes and ruins; but had there been among us no men wise enough and strong enough to take into their hands the essential government of the city, and to dispense with prudence and forethought the largess of the world, we should have still sat mourning in that abomination of desolation.

Perhaps the time has not yet come when it can be definitely pronounced that the third condition of the problem has been fully solved. Pauperism begets pauperism, and the danger always is that it will grow with what it feeds on. But to so care for this impoverished and ruined multitude that they shall neither lose the sense of self-respect and independence nor the habit of self-support, has been from the beginning the aim of the Relief Committee. The very poor are always on the verge of despair, and an event which only serves to nerve the energies of those in better circumstances, sinks them often in hopeless beggary. But fortunately there are almost no very poor in Chicago. Plenty of work and good wages and the chances for the acquisition of property are here so uniform that their influence is marked upon the character of the people. The losses by the fire are counted by the hundreds of millions, but the estimate is made up from the destruction in merchandise and buildings and insurance, visible wealth, the value of which could be easily reckoned. No account is taken of the little unseen accumulations of the poorer class, the household goods, the fruits of long and painful industry, the stores for winter use, the tools and implements of mechanics and laborers, all of small value when considered separately, but large in the aggregate. It is one of the striking facts revealed by the business of Relief that the poor of Chicago are not of the very poor, but that the habit of forehandedness is almost universal among them, and that

there were very few who were not losers by the fire of something more than the bare necessities of living from day to day. As an illustration among many, we know of a poor German woman, who, at the wash-tub and over the ironing-board, had accumulated a property of several thousand dollars, and had made the last payment, on Saturday, the 7th of October, on a house costing two thousand dollars, which the fire the next night swept away. She recounts to any listener the story of her labors and her losses, enumerates the comfortable and handsome dresses she had laid by, among other blessings, for her old age, but breaking down invariably when she comes to the fifth, which was trimmed with velvet. Houses and furniture she can speak of with calmness and resignation, but the memory of the velvet trimmings is too much for her. Everywhere, in odd and unexpected ways and places, the evidence of the habit of accumulation crops out and shows how far the spirit of the people is from that of paupers. It was good ground to work upon, and the Relief Committee have cultivated it diligently and well. That work is the rule, and idleness to be tolerated only where enforced by want of work or sickness, is a wholesome regulation, never lost sight of; though it is sometimes necessary to remind some over-zealous visitor, disposed to enforce too rigidly the maxim "that he who will not work neither shall he eat," that Chicago winters were not known in Judea. But applicants for aid do not usually shrink from toil. The old habit speedily resumed its sway; cheerful hopefulness soon took the place of despair when they found that there was help at hand to aid them over slippery places, so putting the past calamity behind them they make a new beginning, aiming at the bright future to which they had always looked with a steady face. Here and there, it is true, imposters turn up, who recount their sufferings and flaunt their rags with pitiful pleadings and wonderful dramatic power. But, by

following their doublings from station to station, it is found that one scamp would have attempted twenty frauds where, under a less perfect system, there would have seemed to be twenty rogues.

From the class who really need aid there is no grumbling. They understand the situation and accept it. They comprehend the tremendous difficulties of the work the Committee have in hand; are helpful and not repining; know that they ought not to have, and do not expect to have, anything but temporary help, and strive with all their might to keep pauperism from the door as manfully as ever they fought against hunger. In nothing is this spirit so manifest as in the success of the plan of providing "Shelter houses," the wisest and the most permanent in its effect of any of the measures adopted by the Committee. To feed and to clothe the poor was absolutely necessary, but, after all, was only temporary relief. If nothing more could be done the inevitable consequence would be that many would sink into hopeless despondency, and the town be burdened, in the spring, with a crowd of helpless paupers. The proposition to provide all whose homes had been burned, but who owned or leased the lots on which they stood, with a cheap but comfortable house, was accepted with delight and gratitude. It gave a fixed value at once to what they had left, the land; it provided them with a home of their own; it decreased their expenses by the amount of rent they would have had to pay elsewhere, and left all their earnings for the support of their families; it made them at once self-supporting; it made them again independent citizens, giving them once more the proud sense of being property-holders, of having a share in the well-being of the community, bestowing upon them a renewed incentive to good order, industry, and thrift. Many of these houses the occupants, with little savings of their own, improved and added to, so that they were made almost

if not quite as good as those they had lost. A considerable portion of the burnt district is thus already built up and occupied by a permanent population which would otherwise have been scattered or have remained in penury, but which may now be relied upon to furnish mechanics and laborers for the future wants of the city. About six thousand of them have already been built; to these probably two thousand more will be added in the next two or three months, providing homes for not less than forty thousand people. Their cost will be perhaps one-third of the whole of the Relief Fund, but it is money not expended but invested, is a permanent gift to Chicago and that portion of those who lost their all by the fire. The money could have been put to no wiser or more beneficent use, both in its material and its moral influence; and the benefactors, whose generous sympathy made it possible, will feel, when they come to understand its character, that by such a disposition of their bounty far more has been done for Chicago than they ever intended.

We hope that we do not seem to have indulged in superlatives. That spirit of braggadocio which pretended to a boastful pride in the extent of the fire, and vaunts itself now on what it is pleased to assume as an exceptional display of activity since on the part of our business people — as if a man in deep water could do anything but swim or else sink to the bottom — that boastful tendency commends itself neither to good taste nor sound judgment. But the fire was certainly a remarkable event, and it has had some consequences which the political economist and the moralist may consider with profit. "You have had," said the young Russian prince, who was here a few days since, "you have had a great burn." This may be stated as a fact without offending anybody's most delicate sense of modesty. It certainly was, at least, "a great burn" that destroyed between fifteen and sixteen thousand buildings; burnt over more than two thousand

acres of a populous city ; raged steadily for five and twenty hours unchecked and uncontrolled, even for a single moment, and turned out into the night probably a hundred and twenty-five thousand people, stripped, to the scanty clothing in which they ran for their lives, of all their earthly possessions. It needs no expletives to describe it. The most vivid imagination and the most ingenious invention halt lamely and tamely far behind its mingled facts of tragedy and comedy. For here were a siege and a battle ; a defeated army and a flying host ; the terrors of a famine and a revolution ; — and here were the grim humor of despair ; the ludicrous display, in thousands of ways, of personal peculiarities and eccentricities surprised into sudden betrayal ; the unreservedness and frankness of the simple human relation where conventionalism and artificial restraint came out in curious and absurd contrast with a state of nature. But more remarkable than the fire itself are the events that have followed it. Cities have been burned down before, and battles and sieges, and the flight of multitudes, and revolutions and famines, are scattered thick through all the pages of history. But nowhere ever before has it been recorded that the terror and desolation and destitution which mark such events have passed away and not a single human life, after the first shock and struggle, has been lost ; not one has endured the pangs of hunger or of cold ; not one is left without a shelter ; not one act of violence or of open immorality

has followed the sudden change from settled life to the severing of so many social ties dependent upon it ; but that, on the contrary, the terrible ordeal has been passed through in safety. That is, we mean, aside from the inevitable losses and distress which come as by the act of God and cannot be avoided, none of the ordinary results of great calamities have followed here, among that class who became peculiarly the care of public charity, and about whom alone the world is entitled to know. Disaster overwhelmed them, but they have not sunk ; sudden poverty, like a thief in the night, came upon them, but none are sick, or starving, or in prison ; they have looked a future in the face that was all darkness, but have not despaired ; the wrath of God seemed to many to have been visited upon them, and yet they lost no faith. These facts are patent to whomsoever will take the trouble to inform himself of that condition of Chicago that lies beneath the surface ; and it is not an inconsiderate eulogy upon the Relief and Aid Committee to ascribe this unprecedented condition of things, following a great public calamity, to the wisdom, the self-devotion, and the courage with which they have discharged the duties of the great and sublime trust that fell into their hands. If we are right in believing that here is a new phenomenon in the history of civilization, then we do not err in commending it to the consideration of thoughtful men.

Sydney Howard Gay.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

THE story of the destruction of the building and museum of the Academy of Science in this city, in the ever memorable conflagration of the 8th and 9th of October, has already been told in *THE LAKESIDE*. Brief mention was also made of the irreparable private losses sustained, in collections and manuscripts deposited in the Academy building by various persons in the city. Saddest of all was that of the Curator of the Museum, Dr. Stimpson, whose life-work, almost brought to completion, was totally destroyed. Not only were his manuscripts and plates consumed, but also the type specimens from which the descriptions and drawings were made. These, according to the competent authority of Mr. Gwynn Jeffries of London, formed one of the choicest and most valuable collections of Invertebrates in the world. Few, even in Chicago, know how much was lost in the destruction of the museum and library of its Academy of Science. Its progress during the years of its existence had been slow but sure, until, owing to the munificence of its Trustees and the unremitting toil of a few of its leading members, it had taken a high and honorable place among similar institutions both in this country and Europe. However much this may have been due to others, the excellent condition which the museum was in just previous to its destruction was largely owing to the tireless labor, unremitting care, and organizing capacity of Dr. Stimpson.

But it is not so much of the past, as of the present and future of the Academy, that we wish now to speak. The situation at present is full of encouragement. A large number of rich and valuable donations, both of books and specimens, have come to hand since the fire. Rooms have been kindly offered at the Chicago University and at the Chicago Medical College, and also at or near the Marine Bank, at either of which

places specimens and books are stored in comparative safety. Letters full of sympathy and encouragement, containing liberal offers of specimens and books, have been received from all the leading scientific bodies and institutions in this country, as well as from many of the principal scientific societies in Europe and Asia, and other parts of the globe. As soon as a place can be prepared for receiving and preserving them in comparative safety, rich collections of rare and valuable specimens in all departments of Natural Science are, or will be, ready to pour into the museum. Meanwhile Dr. Stimpson is as busy as his impaired health will permit, with every facility kind friends can afford him, in making collections in the Gulf Stream, both in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, in one of the best of the Coast Survey Steamers, which has been placed at his disposal. If successful, he will, among his other objects, add largely to the new museum. The most complete and valuable donation of specimens and books will in all probability be from the Smithsonian Institution, which has done so much in the past, not in this country alone, to foster and encourage science.

As regards the present financial condition of the Academy, though greatly in need of pecuniary aid, it is better than many of its friends at first dared to hope. The valuable lot on Wabash Avenue, near the corner of Van Buren Street, belongs to the Academy free from encumbrance. Beside this, there is money enough on hand, realized from various sources, together with a moderate sum to be borrowed, to construct a substantial building for business purposes, the rental of which will be a perpetual source of income to the institution. The money needed to construct the building just mentioned, has been already offered, at very low rates of interest, by a friend of the Academy; and the work of construction may be said already to have begun.

Such is the present state of the Academy in its scientific and pecuniary relations. But for the immediate future, as for the present, the institution is left without a home of its own. Two plans have been proposed:

1. To acquire by donation or purchase a large lot, and thereon erect the new Academy building. But to acquire a lot by donation, in any part of the city that would be a suitable location for such an institution, may be looked upon as in the highest degree impracticable. To buy a lot of suitable dimensions in any central or easily accessible part of the city would require a sum of money that, in the present state of the finances of the business men of the city, cannot be counted on. If this be the plan of the Trustees, the immediate future of the institution, it seems to us, can be easily predicted. Either it will be located in some remote and inaccessible part of the city, or entirely out of it, where cheap land can be had; or the Academy must wait until funds enough can be collected to buy an appropriate lot in the central part of the city. How long it might have to wait for this, no one can tell. Or a lot could be bought upon credit, which would saddle the Academy with a debt under which its continued existence would be embarrassing if not uncertain. To build on the old lot already in possession of the Academy, which some thought a good plan, is now put out of consideration by the final determination of the Trustees to devote it to business purposes. There is no other alternative now but to seek a new location.

2. The other plan that has been entertained is, to obtain from the city a lot of ground in one of the public parks, on which to erect a building, either for the Academy alone, or in connection with the Historical Society. In this way, it is claimed, the expense of a lot could be saved, without costing the city anything; that it would add to the attractiveness of the park, its museum being thrown open on stated days to the public; that it would thus be separated from other buildings, by the burning of which its safety would be endangered; that in this way it could add, in conjunction with the city perhaps, living Zoölogical and Botanical collections to its stores, by reason of having the room, which can only be had in

a great city in a public park; that such was and is the practice in many, if not most for the public parks of Europe; that if this was determined on, the new building might be constructed and the Academy in working order much sooner than at present seems possible. To save the expense of a lot, and at the same time have the building widely removed from all other buildings, can only be accomplished by securing a place in one of the city parks. To our mind, this is at present the best plan. No valid objection can be made to it, that does not lie with equal force against any other plan; while some things may be said in its favor, that can be said of it alone. But whatever plan may be decided on for the future, there can be no doubt that the Academy of Science of Chicago is shortly destined to become one of the most important and useful public institutions of our city. J. S. Jewell.

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A few months since, this popular institution was among the standing glories of Chicago. Its power for usefulness was developing rapidly; and the destruction of its galleries and school-rooms is certainly a public calamity. While a large number of its patrons were familiar with its receptions, private views, and exhibitions, comparatively few were aware of the untiring labor performed and interest felt by its members for its success—not only when seeking favor in public gatherings, but in the more quiet yet hopeful work of developing the growth of the schools. Very many Chicago people will recall the first humble effort of this institution to exhibit the work of its members, in a small gallery on Clark Street, which, while not pecuniarily successful, established the fact that there was worthy art-talent in our midst, and encouraged the Academy to proceed with the good work of providing facilities for the future in well-regulated exhibitions and school-rooms. The following year came the second annual reception and exhibition in the Opera House Gallery, with an entertainment in the Auditorium, representing statuary by living figures, and a few *tableaux vivants*—the work of the mem-

bers, for which they were well repaid by an enthusiastic and delighted patronage. The exhibition of paintings at this time was highly creditable, and marked a great advance in the work of home artists; while the drawings exhibited by the scholars gave ample evidence of rapid progress and an earnest studiousness. Each succeeding year witnessed a brilliant reception, a more pretentious exhibition of paintings and statuary, a growing strength in the schools, and unmistakable evidences of increasing art-culture among the people. The future of the Academy continually brightened, from the hearty response of the people on these several occasions; until, in the fall of 1870, the new building on Adams Street was inaugurated and occupied. For five years its members, encouraged by many liberal citizens, had toiled with untiring energy to obtain a permanent building, where its exhibition and school-rooms should be ample for the increasing art demand; and the reception evening in November of the above year was a hopeful and happy time for the artists.

The Academy, at the date of the fire, had occupied their new rooms about eleven months, and had succeeded in keeping the galleries filled with works of unusual merit, and at times with marked masterpieces of American and foreign artists. The local artists were at all times well represented, and were ever striving to keep the institution invitingly before the public. Thousands of our people, and strangers who were frequently visiting the city, must realize and feel the loss of the Academy galleries; but there is a class, independent of artists and the patrons of the Academy, who must regret greatly their inability to enjoy its privileges at this time. We refer to the scholars, and those who intended devoting the winter to careful rudimentary art-work in the schools. The Academy had effected changes in the schools that would have added great efficiency to its workings, and probably resulted in gathering large classes both in the Antique and Life departments. The heartfelt wish of all such, and the members of the Academy, is, that these schools, which are the very soul and basis of its mission, may be re-

vived very soon, and again started on a career of uninterrupted usefulness.

C. Knickerbocker.

THE FREE LIBRARY PROJECT.

Chicago may congratulate itself that the Free Public Library project has so far advanced as to give assurance of being a fixed fact. The agitation of this project commenced in the daily press some time before the fire. It was thoroughly discussed in all its various bearings, and had already begun to take shape when the fire came. Absorbed by the pressure of material necessities, and as if by mutual consent recognizing the fact that the reconstruction of the literary condition of the city must belong to the distant future, no thought was given to the project. It has revived again, however, sooner than any of its friends expected. The spontaneous and hearty action of the Anglo-American Association of London, abetted by the generous sympathy and encouraging promises of donations by English authors, once more placed the project on a footing sufficiently stable to warrant the citizens of Chicago in acting at once. A public meeting has been held, at which the discussion was both practical and comprehensive, resulting in a resolution authorizing the Mayor to appoint a committee with power to draft an act of incorporation, and recommending the levying of a direct tax for the future support of the Library. The committee has been appointed; and in their hands there can be no doubt that the foundation of the new Library will be laid both wisely and well.

THE WISCONSIN METEORITE.

In this Magazine for August, 1871, was published an account of the discovery of five fragments of a meteorite in Wisconsin. The sixth fragment of the same meteorite was recently found by Mr. Louis Korb, in the same field where the others were discovered by him, thirty miles north from Milwaukee. It is ten inches long, seven inches wide, and four inches thick, in its extreme dimensions; weight, 33 pounds

(14,971 grams.). The total weight of all the fragments is 143 pounds. They were found so near each other as to indicate that the explosion by which they were

separated took place not far above the surface of the earth. There are no means of knowing the date of the fall of these interesting masses of iron.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

WE are not yet far enough from our burning to take up this part of THE LAKESIDE with the old relish. We are all rebuilding and re-locating and removing. Our offices are in want of wheels to move them from street to street, and in the carts wherein we stow our treasures for hebdominal migrations, our best purposes as well as best wares get, in the language of Governor Medary, "abominably mutilated." The public have (we so read) asked much practical work of THE LAKESIDE; and obeying the public, this number still lingers over the work of reconstruction. We have said to ourselves: "A hundred years from now this volume of our magazine will show the student of history what Chicago was thinking about in the first half of 1872."

And, lamentably, we are not thinking much about books, unless it be of books that are somewhere in the air. And yet, it is very strange to put over against this the declaration of the booksellers, that in holiday week last past they almost reached the sales of the year before! They astound us when they add that there was an unexpected demand for good books and fine editions. A little meditation makes even this intelligible, without giving occasion to mockers at the benevolent of other towns. The plain people have not bought their usual supplies of plain books; the rich have made excellent investment of some of the *débris* that come to comeliness as insurance. Another item may be added. It is hard to dispense with any habitual contribution to daily comfort; but it wrenches all through to see the little and the less of our households go hungry for an accustomed pleasure. And so, when the "gracious time" drew near, an unusual mellowness marked the counsels

of the two heads of the family; and it ended, as we knew it must, in the purchase of most of the usual presents, by the forty thousand families of Chicago who came through the fire with no diminution of courage. And in how many cases must the purchaser have said low to his heart, "There may be something in the book that will not burn."

Say to the mocker: "Because we fed their hungry and clothed their naked, they were spared the agony of a Christmas without the dear emblems of grace and good will." Without the blessed charity that flew on the four winds to our desolate places, there could have been no real Christmas in Chicago. The fact that we bought more than the usual *proportion* of books—for the buyers were far fewer—is as bright an incident as could be named in our honor.

The noble houses that have led in our book trade hold their supremacy in New Chicago. We congratulate them on their good fortune in evil fortune, on the silver lining that already almost shines through the cloud.

THE BREMEN LECTURES ON Fundamental, Living, Religious Questions. By various eminent European Divines. Translated from the original German, by Rev. D. Heagle. With an Introduction by Alvah Hovey, D.D., President of Newton Theological Institution. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Company. (C. R. Blackall, Chicago.)

QUESTIONS OF MODERN THOUGHT; or, Lectures on The Bible and Modern Infidelity. By Rev. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Rev. James Thompson, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., Rev. Wm. Hague,

D.D., and Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Zeigler & McCurdy. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The current conflict in religious thinking between what may be roughly styled the dogmatic and liberal schools—though these terms are by no means accurate, and in the present state of the discussion none can be—receives at least a little attention from all who read our magazine. We are all religious to the extent of having some opinions upon religious questions, and probably also in the sense of having some sort of a religious consciousness, not to say religious experience.

One of the difficulties of the situation for average people is that they are imperfectly acquainted with the fundamental questions and the precise points at issue. The fundamental questions are not whether modern science is true; or whether there is a personal God; nor any other of the questions discussed with much heat and great waste of rhetoric and logic. Modern science being accepted on all sides, and the being and personal consciousness of God not being in dispute, the conflict concerns only the *inferences* drawn by opposing schools from the same theorems.

Nevertheless, the disputants are apt to forget their agreements; and it is difficult to find a book free from confusions and even blunders respecting "the other view." This comes partly from defective conscientiousness on both sides; we are not religious enough "to fight fair," and whoever becomes so is apt to stop fighting altogether. But the evil we deplore comes oftener from defective culture. The young Boanerges in Science or Theology rushes into battle because his *estro* (compound result of warm blood and a generous ambition) drives him to fight. And this constant thud of good swords falling on men of straw is due to the heroism of our excellent young friend. Naturally his friends—who know that he has a good blade and strikes hard—applaud Boanerges; just as naturally the other side—knowing that he is slashing at straw—laugh and pass on.

But now and then all of us have a chance to witness a real fight, where hard blows fall fast and fall on steel. The men of rare and wide culture have come out to joust

with foes not less richly furnished, and lances are shivered and helmets cleft and horses and riders rolled in the dust.

Here are two books in which one may witness a real battle, where the lines are drawn between schools of thought, and the hill-crests of living issues are struggled for with sublime earnestness and consummate skill. They represent the "dogmatic" school; and we advise any reader who really wants to know why it is that all the sky is full of the sound of religious battles, to buy these collections and read them with thoughtful diligence. The "sensible fools," who know everything without learning, do not read THE LAKESIDE, and every reader is therefore included in our recommendation.

In the German one—which we regret to say is not just perfectly Englished in the translation—the reader will come upon the thoughts of some of the greatest lights of German theology.

There are nine lectures by nine distinguished divines, among whom are J. P. Lange, Constantine Tischendorf, and Otto Zöckler. The topics are the familiar battle-fields of Creation, Miracles, Christ's Person, Atonement, The Resurrection, etc.

The other book is not less a representative one. Its authors have national reputations outside of theology, and most of them are conspicuously Americans in the form and texture of their culture, in their modes of thought and the coloring of their expression.

The ablest of these lectures are those of Dr. McCosh and Dr. Haven. The first repels the dogma that the life of Jesus is a romance; the second opposes the dogma that Soul is only a mode of matter. Both are happy in placing their antagonists in the ranks of the dogmatists; but the Scotchman is by no means so successful in this as is the American. Doctor Haven's lecture is marked throughout by that breadth of intellectual sympathy which makes his preaching more acceptable to a wide circle of thoughtful Christians than that of any other preacher in our country, and is clothed in a simple, terse, and popular diction.

One feels in reading this book that *dogmatic* is not quite the word which describes

the writers; that a stiff breeze of liberalism is blowing through the churches to which they belong; that such conservatism as they have is a worship of truth and a desire to know that new things are true before they are called "scientific facts."

These two books show Christianity crying in the streets — trying to reason with opposers, and going to them in public places for that purpose. To some men it will be a surprise to know that Christian preachers can talk in so popular a language and reason so ably from the data of common beliefs. At all events, there is a certain significance in these courses of lectures and their publication at this time; and the least one could do is to infer that there is still a vigorous life in the old thoughts, and energy enough to clothe themselves with some of the best strength and culture of our generation.

MUSKINGUM LEGENDS, with Other Sketches and Papers, Descriptive of the Young Men of Germany and the Old Boys of America. By Stephen Powers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., Chicago.)

Constant readers of *THE LAKESIDE* will recognize our friend "Socrates Hyacinthe" in four of these papers, they having appeared first in our monthly. We have a sort of sickness in remembering how the author preferred a Western publisher for his books and how an exclusive though noble ambition to excel in job printing and bookselling drove him to the Atlantic seaboard. Do the people of Chicago know to what an extent the West, or rather the Interior, supplies the seaboard market for American genius? Do they know that we grow the men, and the Far East welcomes and encourages them, while we practically cast them away?

Though this is a collection of essays and short stories, written for American magazines, there is a certain unity and continuity in them. They relate chiefly to the three topics of the title page, and work out in excellent proportion some new thoughts. The style is marked by personal characteristics: fresh, piquant, quaintly humorous, and at the same time not wanting in an undertone of earnestness.

We have been most interested in his "Royal Road to History," an attempt to reproduce our political life by means of the party and other catch-words of successive periods. It is as successful in its way as the best chapter of Dickens's "Child's History of England." The essay on California Saved contains excellent food for meditation about the future of the Mongols in America, and seems to settle it that the Kelt is still on his march around the world, and that he is, after all, the hope of Californian civilization.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. A Novel. By Edward Eggleston. With Twenty-nine Illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The many friends of the author would know it was Eggleston without help from the title page; and we need not tell them that the book is racy and warm, or that it is Hoosier in the best sense, reproducing Old Indiana in the rich and vivacious humor of Young Indiana. It is a good book for the lazy digestion of the elders; and our little folks crown it with a spontaneous tribute of "laughing fits." Mr. Eggleston is all himself and nobody else, and to the like of him the future of our literary art belongs, if it shall please Heaven to release them from overmuch grinding in the mills, only because the mills give bread to the grinders.

HALF HOURS WITH MODERN SCIENTISTS. Huxley — Barker — Stirling — Cope — Tyndall. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS. Three Lectures, by Professors Roscoe, Huggins, and Lockyer. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

These cheap editions of essays and lectures which have attracted general attention deserve the success they have attained. There is a possible need of limitation in the statement. There are mighty men at Yale, but we fear Dr. Barker is not one of them; certainly he is not the peer of the great men with whom he sits down at Mr. Chatfield's

table. We fear he somehow missed Dr. Woolsey when he was a-making.

SERVING OUR GENERATION, and GOD'S GUIDANCE IN YOUTH. Two sermons preached in the College Chapel, Yale College, by President Woolsey. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

These excellent discourses by the king of our College Israel, were delivered just before his retiring, after twenty-five years of presidency, from the headship of Old Yale, last July. Good sermons need no praise — and Dr. Woolsey could not produce poor sermons.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE ELEMENTARY MUSIC READER. A Progressive Series of Lessons, prepared expressly for use in Public Schools. Book First. By B. Jepson, Instructor of Vocal Music in the New Haven Public Schools. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

TRANSACTIONS OF THE WISCONSIN STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. With Tabular Abstracts of the Reports of County Agricultural Societies, Special Reports on the Industry of Counties, and various important appendices compiled from the United States Census. Vol. IX. 1870. Prepared by J. W. Hoyt, Secretary. Madison, Wis.: Atwood & Culver, State Printers.

— We would be glad to receive a few sets of *THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY*, from January to October, 1871, (inclusive,) in exchange for *THE LAKESIDE* for the year 1872.